"TripleX" — the safety glass

THE SPHERE, APRIL 17, 1943
With which is incorporated "BLACK & WHITE" 1/6

THE SPHERE

Vol. CLXXIII No. 2256 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC APRIL 17 1943

KING SIX CIGARS
10½D each
MAKERS OF FINE CIGARS SINCE 1839
MADE BY J. R. FREEMAN & SON, LTD.

Grant's Scotch Whisky
"FAMOUS FOR HALF A CENTURY"

You will enjoy Bass
TRADE MARK

GREYS CIGARETTES
Just honest-to-goodness tobacco

CHAPLINS CELESTA SHERRY
W. H. CHAPLIN & CO. LTD. ESTABLISHED 1867. LONDON & GLASGOW.

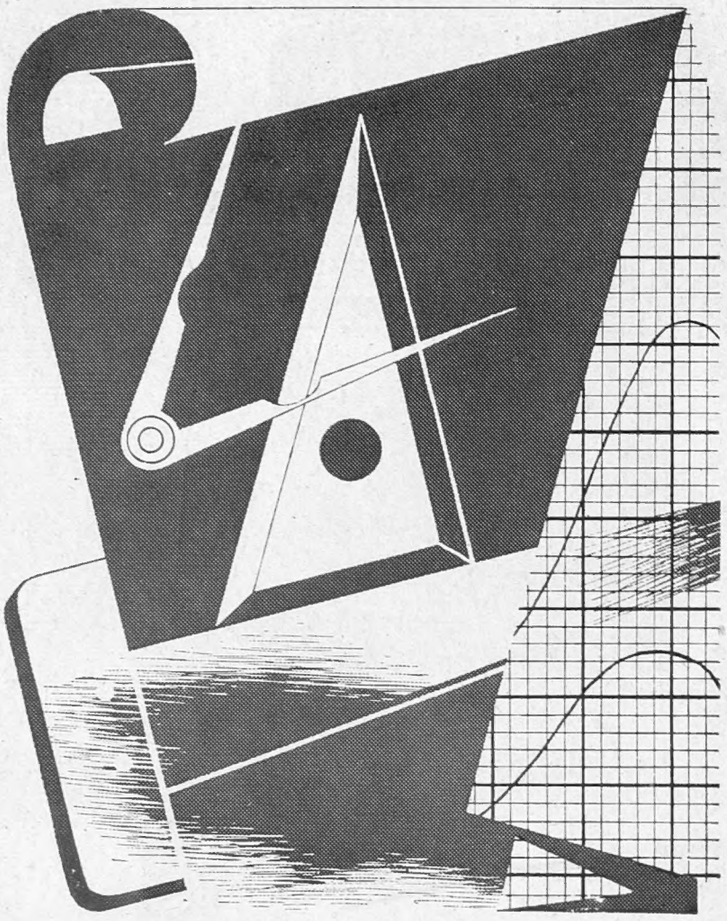
You'll HEAR Better with 'ARDENTE'
The DEAF WORLD'S EARS
MR. R. H. DENT'S Ardente FOR DEAF EARS
THE WORLD'S GREATEST HEARING SERVICE
CALL or Write for FREE TEST
COME AND HEAR HOW!
You too can enjoy the world of sound—at Church, Home, Business, Socially, in the war effort, and for your personal safety. SIMPLE. INCONSPICUOUS. INEXPENSIVE. Still obtainable—but restricted.
Mr. R. H. DENT, M.Inst.P.I., ARDENTE Ltd.
309 OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.1
Phones: MAYfair 1380—1718—0947

BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING
RONUK SANITARY POLISHES
FOR BRIGHT & HEALTHY HOMES

Spring in the Air!
WILLIAM YOUNGERS Scotch Ale

ALL CLASSES OF INSURANCE TRANSACTED
CAR & GENERAL INSURANCE CORPORATION LTD.
83, PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.1.

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM



PLANNING

Through the whole wide sweep of Philips activities in the field of electricity there is evidence of inspired planning . . . not for the moment only, but also for those needs which will depend on discoveries and developments yet to emerge from the laboratory and the drawing board.

PHILIPS

PHILIPS

INCANDESCENT & DISCHARGE LAMPS · FLUORESCENT LIGHTING · RADIO RECEIVERS & TRANSMITTERS · COMMUNICATIONS EQUIPMENT · THERMIONIC VALVES & OTHER DEVICES · X-RAY EQUIPMENT FOR ALL PURPOSES · ELECTRO-MEDICAL APPARATUS · ARC & RESISTANCE WELDING PLANT & ELECTRODES · MAGNETS & MAGNETIC DEVICES · SOUND AMPLIFYING INSTALLATIONS

PHILIPS LAMPS LTD., CENTURY HOUSE, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON, W.C.2 (125E)

Now for the Civil Defence

A COLD, wet night and "on duty." That's the time when you need the comfort and protection of this smart but essentially businesslike Vitabeau. In Fawn and Blue Egyptian Cotton Gabardine, lined throughout body and sleeves, with strap and button windproof wrist cuffs, this is a coat that will keep out wind and weather for years of hard wearing service.

THE **Vitabeau**

(Registered Trade Mark)

ALL-WEATHER COAT

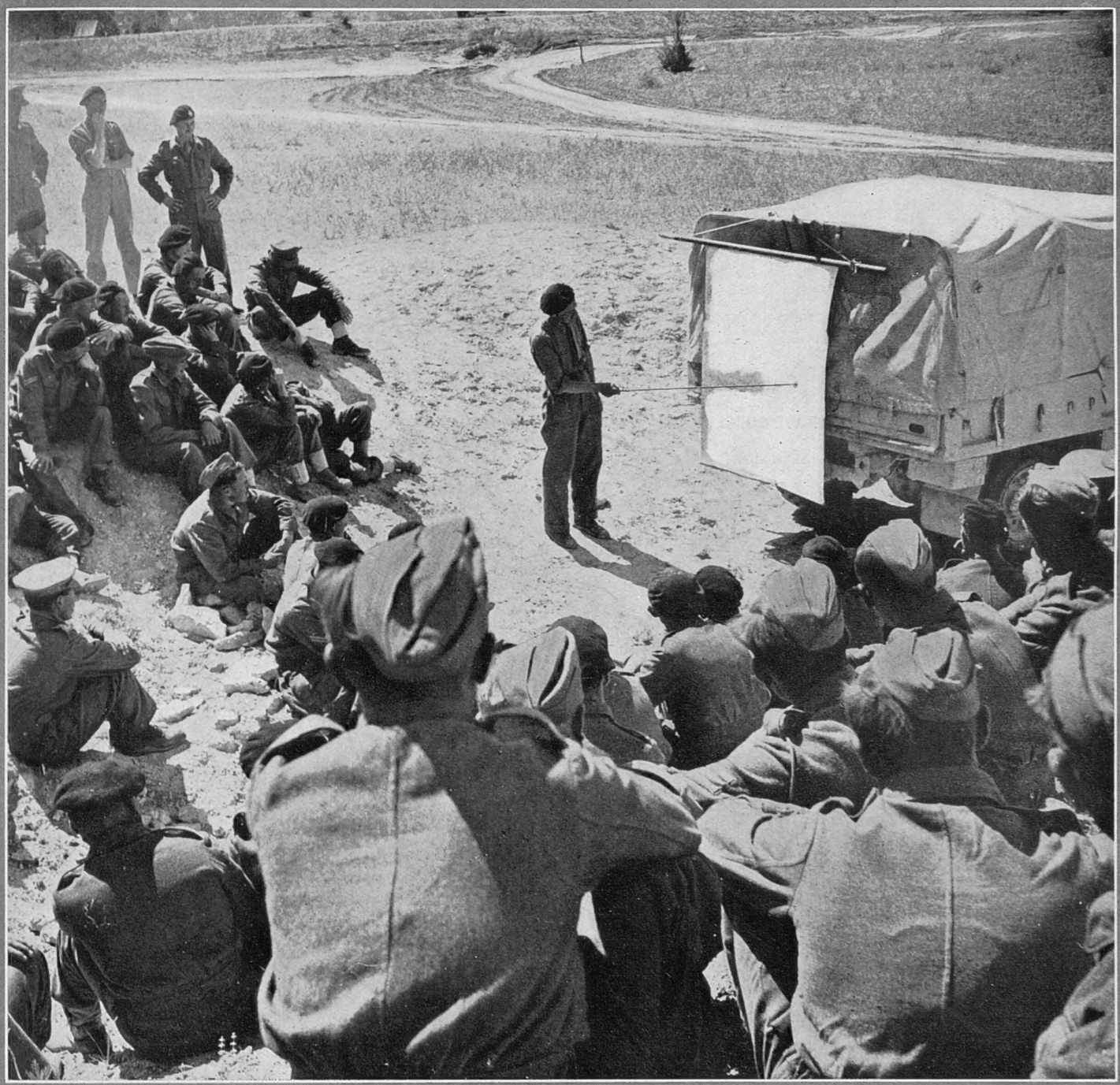
In all usual sizes for men and women. Write, 'phone or call for particulars of where obtainable, and prices, etc.

VITABUOY PRODUCTS LTD.

Beaufort House, Gravel Lane, London, E.1

Telephone : BIShopsgate 6565

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly



BEFORE THE BATTLE BEGAN AT MARETH: AN OFFICER INSTRUCTING HIS MEN ON THE DISPOSITIONS AND ON THE PLAN OF ATTACK, before the Eighth Army launched its offensive against the Afrika Korps in Southern Tunisia

As part of the new ideas in modern warfare, the men who are to take part in an important operation are now told as much as possible of the forthcoming plan of attack, so that each may know how he fits in to the main scheme of the coming battle. This has been a plan pursued throughout the present campaign in North Africa: possibly it is amongst the reasons for our recent successes! The officer in this picture has hung his large-scale map on the back of a lorry and is proceeding to detail certain topographical features of the Mareth region. When the attack was finally made, as is now well known, General Montgomery exploited his famous outflanking tactics and thus forced Rommel into retreat. *(Further pictures from North Africa elsewhere in this issue)*

Postage—Inland, 2d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 1½d.

A WAR NEWSLETTER —No. 189

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

Let the A's have it To-day.— The armies of Tunisia, put under General Alexander's direction by the Allied Supreme Commander, General Eisenhower, had by April 7 closed the chief gap in the Bizerta-Tunis ring. General Montgomery's Army had scored another considerable victory in the Gabes Gap and were in open country again on the way to Sfax. Better still, they had made contact with the American Corps, strenuously probing forward in the face of strong opposition by the enemy's flank guard on the last heights between El Guetar and Maknassi. It looked as if the affair would now move much more rapidly to another climax, or check. General Montgomery's great achievements have received the lion's share of publicity in recent weeks, and all of it was well deserved. To ring the changes, let "the A's have it" for a while — the Air forces, Alexander, Anderson and the Americans. The supreme achievements of the Allied Air Forces are, it is true, appreciated and daily acknowledged. I suppose that no campaign (in which the counter-balancing advantages were by no means unequal) was ever so costly in material and supplies as Rommel's defence of the Tunisia Corridor. At the least, 40 per cent. of all supplies sent to Tunisia and 20 per cent. of his material-in-action must have been liquidated by the Air Force and the Navy. General Alexander is a commander of the "silent service" tradition. It is clear that his broad strategy has been masterly and comprehensive. Of General Anderson, very little has been told. He has done a splendid job unadvertised and under heavy handicaps, such as bad weather, bad luck and dangerous lack of reinforcements and supplies of all kinds. When his original "gamble" just failed, he held on to his positions gained, by the eyelids, gave very little ground, and won back much which he had lost by shrewd employment of a skeleton force. In the last weeks, reinforced and well served at last, he has made important headway in what at the end may prove the vital sector. The First Army deserves its meed of praise already — so do the Americans, not to mention the French.

Sfax Nobiscum.—I wonder whether General Eisandery (see footnote) flashed home the brief message *Sfax nobiscum*, on the model of "*Peccavi*—I have Scinde." That someone besides myself thought of it, I make no doubt. What matters is that progress has been as rapid as we at home could wish or hope for. The tale of prisoners grows, and now represents a very serious drain on Rommel's man power. Things move, when they move, far too quickly for weekly journalism. Whether or no a part of Rommel's main forces are isolated by a thrust to the coast by our western forces before the retreat passes north of Sousse, or whether Rommel joins up with Arnim with his surviving divisions, details, guns and armour, within the dangerously restricted fortress ring round Bizerta and Tunis, there seems reasonable expectation, if the shattering power of our air superiority can be maintained at present intensity, that the fortress will be a death-trap and capitulation or evacuation forced on the Axis commanders without long delay. For soon no place within the ring can be safe. Capitulation or evacuation, it will be *liquidation* of the Axis African armies either in a clean and orderly, or a messy and disorderly, way. It looks like that now, though war always springs surprises on unwary optimists.

This portmanteau word has been forced upon me by my desire to "render unto Cæsar. . . ." In its cubic content, you will find acknowledgement of Eisenhower, Alexander, Anderson and Montgomery—and even then a portmanteau is not large enough for justice.

A Poignant Half-truth.— Epigrams (or witty, pithy sayings) are rather like epitaphs. They tell half the truth only and usually exaggerate even that moiety. And I can imagine a witty Frenchman or even German (if he exist) who might to-day coin an epigram on the Allies "*Second Front.*" The publication of the Soviet report on the Winter Campaign in Russia, which ended definitely on March 31, lends pith and point to such a half-truth. Its end coincided almost exactly with the reopening of the British effort in Tunisia. The Allies' idea (the wit might suggest) of a Second Front is a single line indefinitely prolonged by the alternating efforts of one or other of the parties to the alliance. How unjust such a definition would be is plain to all the Allies' who, in the crescendo of united effort by land and air and sea, have outlawed the silly phrase "Second Front"; but in the chances and imponderables of war there is just enough point and poignancy in the temporary failure of *co*-incidence to give the epigram a sting.

The New Diplomacy.—How swiftly, in wartime, are root-and-branch reforms achieved! On paper, at any rate, or at least on White Paper. Two hours of more or less good-humoured talk, and an eyesore or a canker, long festering in the body politic, is removed painlessly—on paper, after decades of fruitless grousing. The new diplomacy will have no place for women yet. But they played a very big, if off-the-record, part in the old, and may do so still, off the record. "Modern diplomacy does not dictate but interprets foreign policy." But the old diplomacy did so in days when communications were what they were before the modern era of invention, and did it very well. To my mind, one of the cardinal tragedies of "between-war" diplomacy was to leave so little discretion to the man on the spot. If modern diplomacy does not do more than interpret foreign policy, wherein precisely lies the vital importance of a knowledge of economics, history, trade union law and practice and so forth? Even an "old Etonian" can be a post office and sign along the dotted line, whether of appeasement or sword-rattling or masterly inactivity. Of all the new reforms, the most obviously popular and widely commended was this: elastic and easy means will be found to pension off the new diplomats who prove themselves unfit for higher office. How queer this sounds to a man whose work lies outside the charmed circle of pensionable rights! When a journalist fails to carry his readers, no one pensions him off. But your lazy, your dud, your incompetent diplomat or other Civil Servant retires on £1,000 a year, to write wisecracks about diplomacy or bureaucracy and does not ponder over his failure in a garret. This seems wrong, somehow.

The Man on the Spot.— In an ideal civilisation, no doubt trade is the best ambassador of goodwill, and a knowledge of economics more useful than private information concerning the secret springs of international revolution and aggression. In the grievous years between wars, our diplomacy suffered an unjust loss of reputation for the very principle upon which it was compelled to act, the very principle which is to govern our new diplomacy. It is to interpret, not to guide, foreign policy in every country to which an ambassador is accredited. That, of course, is not the whole story. The ambassador of the new diplomacy is still to be our adviser on the spot; we may assume that his confidential reports on trends and indications will be more, and not less, closely studied than they were in the years between. The evidence that in these vital years our foreign policy was cast-iron and prejudged in Whitehall and Westminster, and that no warnings and no indications sent home by the man on the spot could "alter half a line," is strong and damning. We know that in four vital years of his mission to Tokyo our Ambassador to Japan never once had a serious conversation with his Foreign Office chief. We know that between 1919 and 1939 several shrewd and experienced men occupied the British Embassies in Paris and Berlin, and must have had a shrewd idea that France was, nationally, continuously shell-shocked and politically rotten and treacherous to the core, and that Germany was aggressive and far too determined and sure of itself to be moved by appeasement or controlled by moral platitude. But our advisers at home pursued cast-iron appeasement, left our country in its selfishness and blindness naked to its enemies and hitched our creaking wagon to the nebulous star of France. Paris was only a few miles away from Whitehall, but no one troubled to pick up the common knowledge of the boulevards, and Henderson pursued the total failure of his cast-iron mission in Berlin. I trust the functions of the new diplomacy will not be based on cast-iron foundations of belief that political wickedness and chicanery are for ever outlawed with war and other evils.

"Fish is Plentiful."— Yes, and the B.B.C. went so far as to announce that in certain areas in the first days of April the supply greatly exceeded the demand. Our food controllers have no more hearty champion than I. If I grouse, it is hardly ever about food. I think they do a difficult job well. I do not underrate (nor indeed comprehend half) their difficulties. But the fish distribution should, if it can, be improved. There is reasonable evidence available that in the rural parts of the borders of Hampshire and Sussex, and even in the Isle of Wight, available supplies and varieties of fish have not penetrated in just proportion in the last six months. In that period householders have gone weeks *without any fish at all.* What fish they have had has been entirely made up of preserved cod, unpleasant to taste and difficult to chew, and, latterly, a fish called *Rock Salmon*, but sailing under false colours and horrible to taste. *No other variety* of fish has come (within *personal* knowledge) from the distributors in this area for half a year.

THE OLD STAGER

LEST WE FORGET! SOME OF THE MEN WHO HAVE LOST THEIR SIGHT IN THE PRESENT WAR: A picture taken when 100 of them, from St. Dunstan's, lunched with the Lord Mayor

A hundred blind men lunched at the Mansion House with the Lord Mayor a few days ago, when boys of the City of London Squadron of the A.T.C. formed a guard of honour for them. The men included representatives of South Africa, North Africa, the United States, Canada, the Fighting French and Great Britain. One war-blinded Service member at St. Dunstan's is an A.T.S. Corporal

AFTER the CAPTURE of the TOWN of GABES

THE FRUITS OF VICTORY: Italian prisoners, left behind by the Germans being brought into El Hamma after the successful outflanking movement led by General Freyberg, V.C. On the left a column of Eighth Army transport is going out in hot pursuit of the enemy

JUST AS THEY WERE ABOUT TO ESCAPE FROM GABES, this truck full of Italian soldiers was intercepted in the town. Almost at the same time the last of the enemy were hurriedly leaving. In the background can be seen the explosions as the enemy Sappers blew up the bridge which leads out of the town

AN ITALIAN TANK KNOCKED OUT IN ACTION and recovered by the Italians was put to use again as a road block to delay the advance of the Eighth Army. It is seen here as Allied troops found it, covered with stones, to the south-east of Gafsa

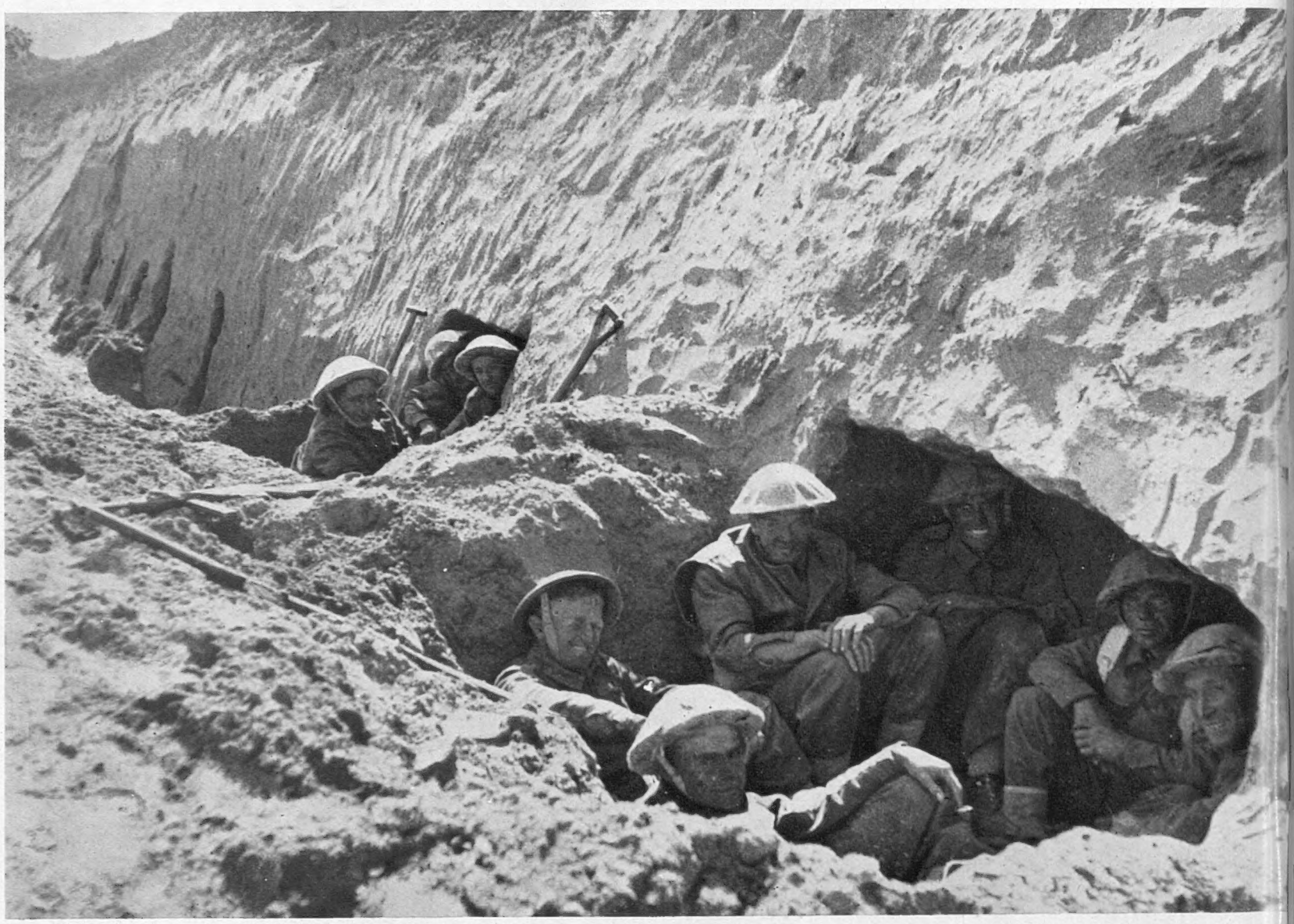
GENERAL MONTGOMERY GREETING GENERAL GIRAUD, Civil and Military C.-in-C. in French Africa, on his arrival at the advanced Headquarters of the Eighth Army

NO TIME WAS WASTED BY THE TWO GENERALS. Soon after their meeting near the front, they began discussing present and future military operations against the Axis

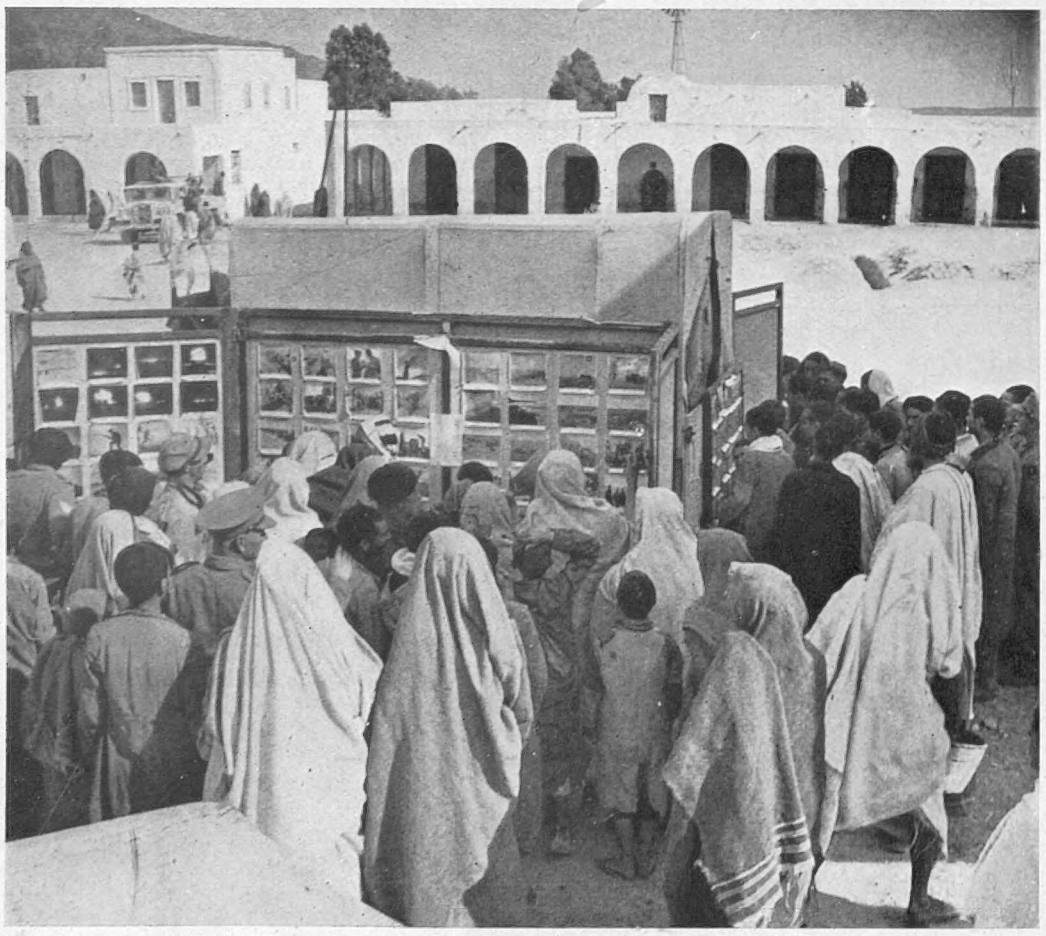
A BATTALION OF THE HIGHLAND DIVISION—THE BLACK WATCH—being piped into Gabes on their way to take up new positions facing the enemy in the Gabes Gap. The town was occupied on March 29 after the overrunning of the Mareth Line

The EIGHTH ARMY in front of the MARETH LINE

The Latest Pictures from the Fighting Front in Tunisia, showing British Troops in action against the Afrika Korp



AT THE OPENING OF THE BIG OFFENSIVE: MEN OF THE DURHAM LIGHT INFANTRY in their "dug-in" positions in the big anti-tank ditch which proved a considerable obstacle to our advance. It was at this sector of the Mareth Line that the Durhams were fiercely attacked by Rommel's forces: they were protected by the small shelters which they had hastily dug into the forward wall of the ditch



THE ARABS WITNESS A PICTURE DISPLAY IN A DESERT VILLAGE. This is a "Photographic Display Car" of the Eighth Army in the Square at Foum Tatahouine, whose inhabitants include Tunisians, Algerians, French, Arabs and Jews. The pictures were taken by a British sergeant-cameraman between Alamein and Tripoli; they are being taken for an extensive tour in the desert, where they everywhere arouse the greatest interest amongst the native population

AFTER THE CAPTURE OF MARETH VILLAGE: A Bren-gun carrier passes one of the few shops—which has been sadly damaged by shell-fire

EIGHTH ARMY MEN REPLENISHING THEIR SUPPLIES of precious water at a filling-point in the small village of Mareth

THE R.A.F. VERSUS THE "LUFTWAFFE" IN NORTH AFRICA. This wilderness of broken aircraft was found on Castel Benito aerodrome, fourteen miles to the south of Tripoli. Several new Axis aerodromes have fallen into our hands in North Africa during recent operations by the Eighth Army. Scattered around them were great numbers of abandoned aircraft, which will eventually be turned to many new purposes. A considerable amount of scrap-metal will also accrue and will be returned to various factories: part of the metal may go into new British aircraft. Anything resembling a complete aeroplane found amongst these scrap-heaps can be patched up and used by the R.A.F. for experimental purposes. Similarly, new types of aircraft are thoroughly examined by experts to determine their flying performance

ABANDONED BY THE AXIS AFTER ATTACKS BY THE R.A.F.: Allied aircraft flying over a smashed hangar and bullet-ridden Italian fighters at the edge of Castel Benito airfield, near Tripoli

PARACHUTE SALVAGE IN NORTH AFRICA: A Royal Air Force mobile parachute packing unit is now in operation. Its main function is to follow in the wake of our parachute troops, retrieve their equipment and repack it in readiness for the next assault. This picture was taken during an exercise in a Tunisian town: these are held frequently to keep members of the Unit at the top of their form

SITING AN INTERNATIONAL POLICE FORCE

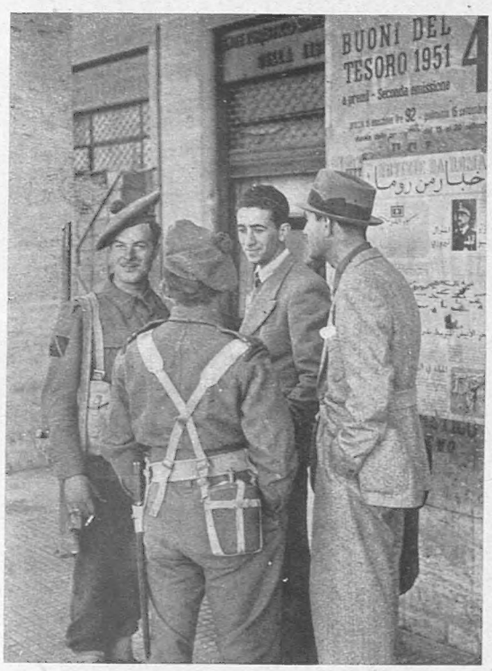
Looking Towards the Future, when the Troubled World will have to be Re-settled by the Great Allied Powers By FERDINAND TUOHY

IT seems probable that a topic discussed by Mr. Eden in Washington was the future location of an international policing force at a few of the more obvious points in both hemispheres.

We know that important sections of opinion in the United States are extremely interested in the possibilities of this scheme, the success or failure of which might be to the next post-war period what the fate of the League was to the last. But it will have to be a give-and-take affair, with diehards requiring to be persuaded in other latitudes besides British. It will not be enough to designate past enemy-occupied territory for the siting of international bases—like Formosa, Korea, or the Marshall and Caroline Islands. The United Nations will need to develop a new and trusting mentality among themselves, with something more than lease-lend about it.

If we are heading for a second League structure called by a new name, it must this time be invested with authority, which means the certainty of force being employed in intractable cases.

Anyone who prior to 1935 raised the matter of an International Police Force was asking to be treated as a crank, inviting ridicule. It is as well to glance back at the kind of mirth the mere idea provoked. In general, a picture was drawn of an International G.H.Q. whose staff officers of the various nations were constantly at loggerheads when not spying upon one another. Whose ideas as regards strategy or the parcelling out of supplies, should prevail in this military Babel? Who should command? Supposing the Russians wanted more tanks than the majority of members was agreeable to; alternatively, the British in respect of aircraft? So it went on—the whole notion torn to shreds at Geneva and elsewhere.



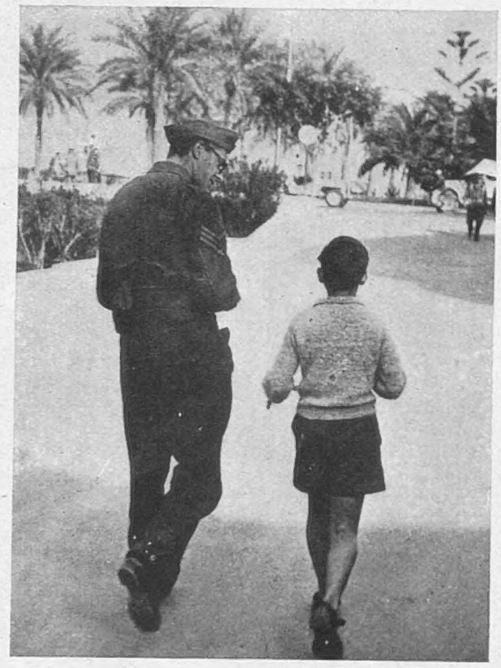
THE BRITISH ARMY IS A PEACE FORCE IN ITSELF! Two Highlanders chatting in friendly fashion with Italians in Tripoli. Behind them, on the right, the portion of the poster visible reads—"News from Rome, Proclamation of the Duce . . ." Alas for the Duce, and for Rome!

The ridiculing voices, financed by arms and other interests, won a resounding triumph. In due course the sawdust Mussolini was able to scoff at Sanctions unbacked by a scrap of force. A string of pious resolutions condemning him did not stop one oil-drum passing through the Suez. With ne'er a policeman on the skyline, the Duce could boast that Italy had licked fifty-two nations, and it was this boast that really fired the Italians to the full burglarious possibilities of the situation.

Now the first thing that strikes one is that the former conception of a World Military Centre has receded. The goal is the same, as enunciated in the U.S. Senate: "The balance of power, diplomacy, imperialism, pacts and treaties having failed to control the plague of war, it is our conviction that an organisation of the peace-loving nations of the world, with authority and power to stop any future attempts at military aggression, offers the best hope for maintaining the peace and stability of the world after this war." But much more flexible and far-flung means to attain this end are to-day being considered.

There are obvious risks. For example, "America Firsters" want to secure hub bases round the globe, ostensibly for defence purposes, but which might only too soon be used as buttresses of an omnipotent economic imperialism. Mrs. Luce began operations in this vein, though she quickly pulled in her pretty neck, no doubt on husbandly advice that her country wasn't responsive to that brand of talk. Of happier augury comes the absence of friction that has marked the opening spell of the ninety-nine-year leasing of Trinidad and Bermudan sites to the United States, for if a kindred intelligent give-and-take could be reproduced among other nationals in other strategic areas, and among them and the Anglo-Americans, then there really would be a strong chance of an International Police Force coming into being as a direct sequel to the cease-fire. Sir Archibald Sinclair no doubt had air policing in mind when he latterly expressed the hope that the R.A.F. "would yet win fame and laurels in constructive work in the service of mankind."

Air Chief-Marshal Sir Arthur Longmore was more explicit: "Most of the liberated countries—Norway, Holland, France, Belgium, Poland, Czechoslovakia and Greece—will have air force personnel, and in some cases complete squadrons operating with the R.A.F. The longer they can all be kept working together in close co-operation the better for the future peace of Europe. From them might well be organised a regional international air police force." Particularly if Russia could be induced to join. Where would some of the more prominent of these policing sites be situated? Take first of all Europe. There seems to be a clear case for an international police base in the vicinity of the Skagerrak or Kattegat. This gateway to the Baltic must be secured from all chance of a future German coup. Such a base would furthermore tend to guarantee the Swedes and Finns against their so-called "hereditary enemy," Russia. It would protect little Denmark, which has never been able to protect itself. It would form part of Norway's linking with the West, as the Atlantic nation she aspires to become. And it would constitute a first-rate O.P. for checking the future behaviour of Germany. A no less obvious location for a police base is somewhere in the country between Vienna and Cracov. This could keep watch over the North Balkans and over the tricky Czech and Polish reorientation towards Russia. Then we get a third site simply asking to be taken over in the Ægean—for the policing of the South Balkans, the Adriatic, towards the Bosphorus and the eastern end of the Mediterranean. This base might well be on Rhodes, Corfu, Cyprus or Crete.



ANOTHER PICTURE FROM TRIPOLI: An Italian boy shows a British sergeant around the gardens after the city's occupation by the Eighth Army

Another possibility is Bizerta, whence a great aero-arc would extend to watch eastern Spain, Southern France and Italy. Surely some lease-lend arrangement with the present possessing Power should not be impossible, and then the organisation of a local aero-naval policing force (preponderantly air) on a regional basis? Other places that suggest themselves as sites are Casablanca, Lisbon and Eire (Foynes). It is a foregone conclusion that the Americans will take a keen interest in the western gateway of the Mediterranean, and the Tangier-Ceuta-Gibraltar situation as between Britain and Spain might be eased towards a solution if an international police base were built on leased territory at Casablanca.

What of England herself? Many might say she is all cut out for an international air base after the experience of these years. She will assuredly be more at the world's cross-roads than ever; with possible police bases materialising, among other places, on Iceland, at Scoresby Sound and at St. John's.

Returning south, Dakar has been freely tipped as a great future international junction by air, rail and sea, which must have its policing done by the principal interests concerned—American, French, British and Brazilian. Across the Atlantic, the Bahamas, Bermuda, Trinidad and French Guinea have already had their first experience of foreign leasing, and other hub ports, like Bahia, in Brazil, and Martinique, might conveniently be added. A case could even be made out for the Azores.

If the United States are likely to insist on a distinct preponderance of force for guarding the Caribbean, Panama Canal and Central America, that will be only in keeping with the general trend of police zoning throughout the world: clearly the country most heavily involved, locally, should have the main say.

Down the east coast of Latin America, Montevideo and the Falklands are other possibilities for give-and-take in the interests of world order and peace.

The Americans, Dutch and Australians would mainly get together over police bases in the South-West Pacific—MacArthur, for one, is said to be already planning them from a wide choice gradually being revealed in the present conflict. The British might collaborate by placing Singapore for leasing, and the Dutch by offering facilities in the Celebes or on Java. In no part of the world will policing be more necessary.

The Americans are pretty sure to stake a claim at Manila again. Further north, Formosa is said to be promised back to China, while Korea would become independent once more. With police bases grouping Chinese, Americans, British and Russians—the big four of victory—on Formosa, Korea, the Chinese mainland, and at Vladivostok, Japan could be watched like the proverbial rodent.

A pointer to what may be in the offing in the China Seas is given by reputed arrangements for the Japanese mandated islands in the Pacific. When it was proposed that the United States should take them over, Mr. Roosevelt is said to have told Mr. Eden that he preferred this vital island group should be placed under the guardianship of the United Nations.

Opportunity for kindred co-operation may present itself in the Indian Ocean and points north. In a pooling of bases for use by an international police force, Britain could consider Colombo, and France Diego Suarez. South Africa might lend a hand with Simonstown. The former Italian port of Massawa has been greatly developed by the Americans in conjunction with ourselves. Here is another port, strategically situated, that might be turned to policing use, covering turbulent territories on either side of the Red Sea. Finally, the Americans are completing a port many miles from Basra, across sand and swamp. Basra is another base in a commanding position.

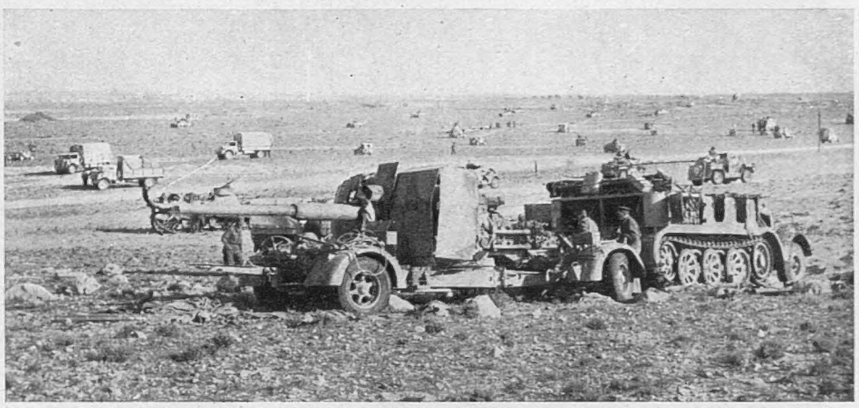
IN CYRENAICA: British soldiers walking down a street in the town after having come in from the desert battles

TANKS AND SELF-PROPELLED ARTILLERY MOVING UP FOR THE ATTACK ON THE EL HAMMA POSITIONS during the outflanking move by General Freyberg's column. The fighting vehicles are here seen advancing across the open, scrub-covered country for the final assault

THE PERFECT OUTFLANKING MOVEMENT

Montgomery's "Left Hook" to El Hamma

The turning of the Mareth Defences and the destruction of a large part of the Afrika Korps was carried out by a perfectly organised outflanking movement which has already made military history. When General Montgomery saw that the bridgehead at Mareth could not hold without considerable loss of life and equipment, he switched the main attack westwards to El Hamma, driving on Rommel's right, or southern, flank. The Germans were completely outfought and out-generalled. When the road through El Hamma had been forced, the Eighth Army advanced and entered Gabes among cheering crowds of townspeople. Shortly afterwards, Sfax, too, was captured; and the Eighth Army went streaming northwards towards Sousse in pursuit of the fleeing enemy



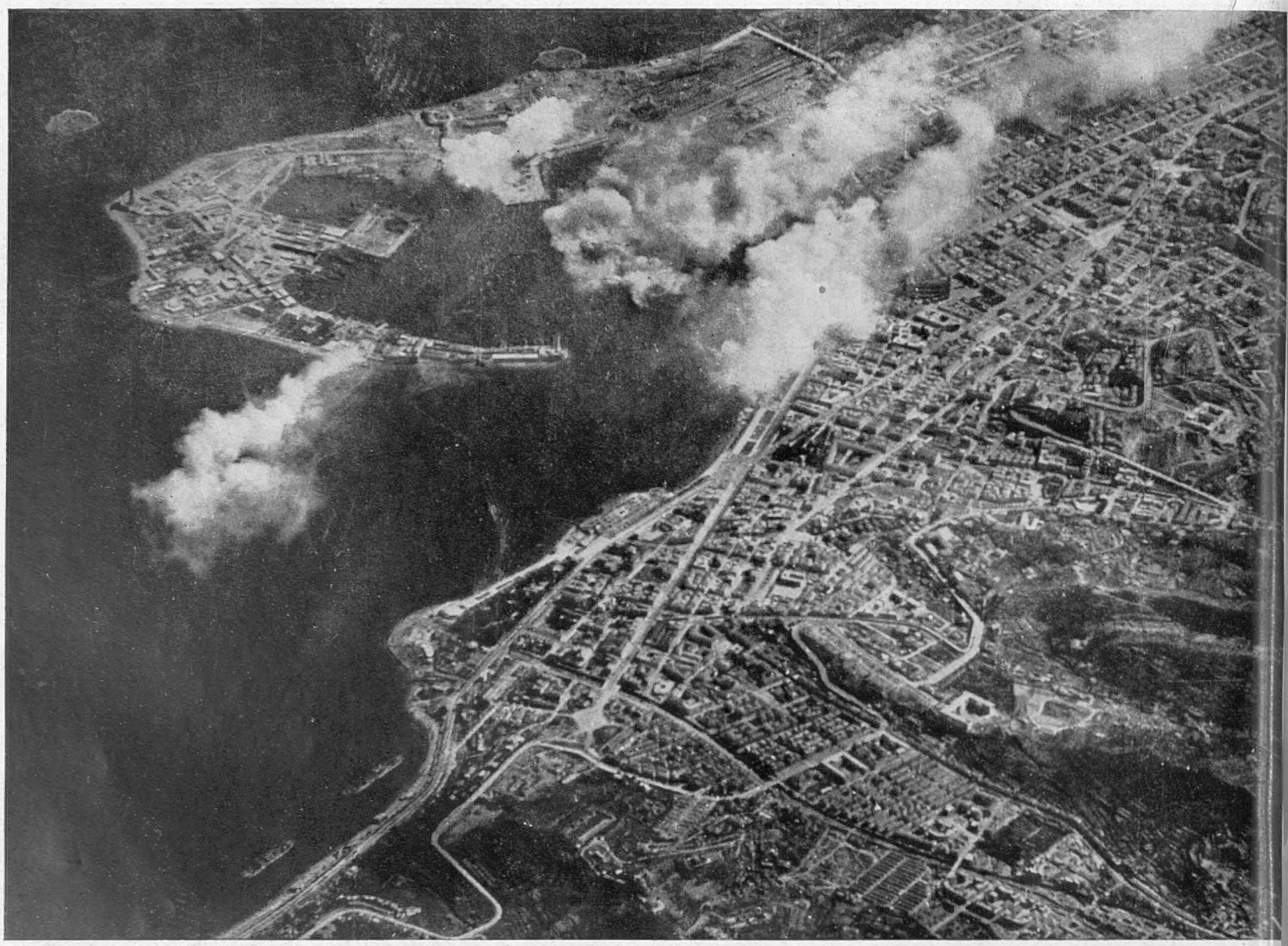
A SCENE ON THE ROAD TO EL HAMMA: A German 88-mm. dual-purpose gun and its tractors: These were all hit by shell fire from the Eighth Army guns and were unable to get away. Before departing, however, the enemy "spiked" the gun

AS THE ENEMY LEFT GABES, he blew up the bridge across the river on the north of the town. The Engineers were soon on the scene, however, and quickly had a temporary bridge functioning. The natives gave the Sappers a helping hand

GENERAL MONTGOMERY, Commander of the Eighth Army, congratulates the New Zealand and English armoured troops who took part in the great outflanking movement

AN HISTORIC MOMENT: This picture, sent by radio from Cairo, shows the meeting between American and Eighth Army patrols on the Gafsa-Gabes Road on April 7, when a junction was effected between the two forces for the first time

THE MEN WHO MET: On the left is Lance-Sergeant Brown (of Holsworthy, Devon), of the Eighth Army: with him is Sergeant Randall, of State Center, Iowa, of the Second U.S. Army. They met on the road between Gafsa and Gabes and thus effected the historic junction between the two forces



STRIKING AT THE AXIS "SPINAL CORD" SUPPLY ROUTE TO SICILY AND NORTH AFRICA: Liberator bombers of the Ninth U.S. Air Force attack the scythe-shaped port of Messina, through which most of Rommel's reinforcements and supplies pass

BOMBER OFFENSIVE

Over Italy, Germany and France

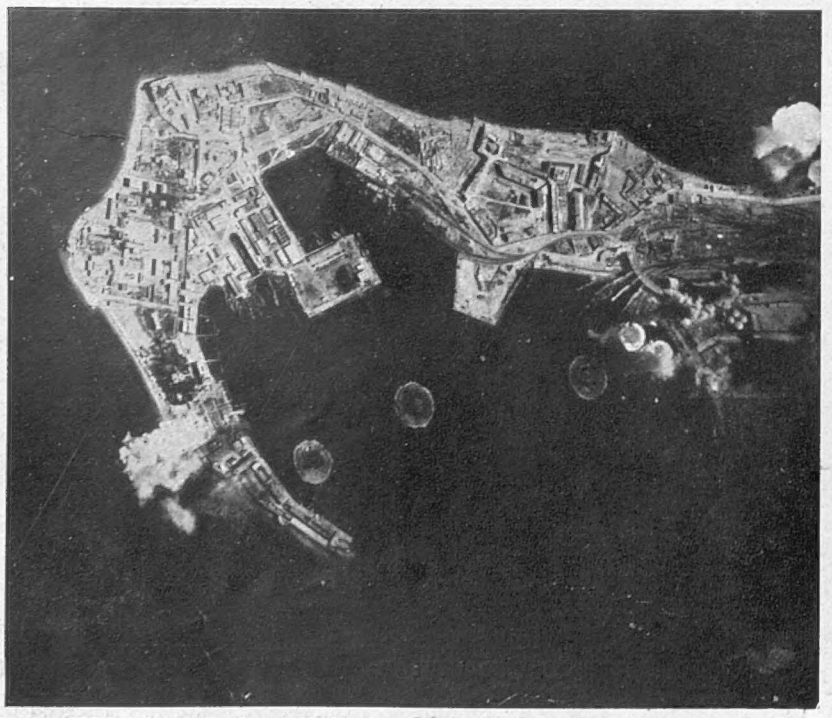
Some Striking Pictures Brought Back by the R.A.F. and by the U.S. Air Force

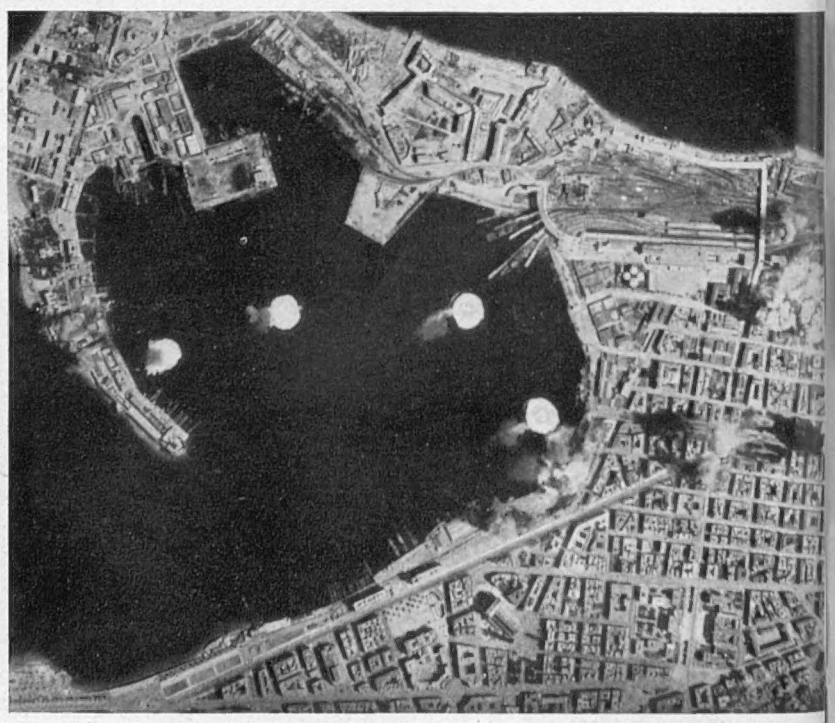
With the waning of the power of the *Luftwaffe* over Europe, the power of the Allies in the air is correspondingly growing with each week that passes. Daily we are learning of raids over every part of the occupied territories such as the Germans, at their gloomiest moment, never envisaged. And not only in Europe, but even farther afield—in Burma, Australasia and in the South-West Pacific—British and American bombers are striking hard at the enemy's war machines and supply routes.

The pictures reproduced on these pages have all been released for publication within the past few days: all were taken during the course of what might almost be called "routine" offensive operations. The three pictures of Messina were taken over that vital Italian harbour during an attack by long-range Liberators of the Ninth U.S. Air Force. Some of the fiercest attacks during the month of March were carried out by this Force on the scythe-shaped port which is the very "spinal cord" of the Axis supply route to Sicily and North Africa and the hard-pressed Afrika Korps.

From the factories of Germany and Italy much war material is carried by train down to the toe of the "boot": it is then ferried across the Strait of Messina, still in railway cars. The supplies are then transhipped from Sicilian ports to Africa. By thus concentrating on this key-point, the U.S. bombers are preventing the despatch of much material. They are also achieving another purpose—showing the Italians some of the horrors of war, and giving them an indication of a little (and only a *little*, so far) of what they may expect when the real invasion of the soft "under-belly" opens!

When the conquest of Tunisia has been finally achieved, Sicily and the whole Italian freeboard will probably experience an intensification of the attack by air.





BOMB-BURSTS ACROSS THE HARBOUR AND IN THE DOCKSIDE AREA AT MESSINA. Every fire and every pillar of smoke means that so much more material, destined for the hard-pressed Afrika Korps in Tunisia, will never arrive. This in turn means a quicker victory for the Allies and less loss of life to our soldiers on the African field of battle

THE NAZI-CONTROLLED RENAULT MOTOR AND ARMAMENT PLANT at Billancourt, near Paris, under attack by U.S. Flying Fortresses in daylight on April 4

On left—Supported and covered by a large force of fighters, American day bombers attacked the Renault Works at Billancourt on the afternoon of April 4. The Flying Fortresses were engaged in a running fight with F.W. 190's on their return journey, but eight of these were destroyed by the fighter escort. One of the pilots of the latter reported that, although then 50 miles from Paris, he could plainly see smoke rising from the target to a height of fully 10,000 ft.

On right—United States bombers are also waging a war of destruction on Japanese shipping and military positions on the Burma front. The picture on the right was taken when heavy American bombers swooped to attack a 7,000-ton Japanese supply ship in the Bay of Bengal, south of Rangoon: it shows the deadly accuracy of their low-level bombing. Bombs are actually bursting on the vessel, and flames and smoke are billowing forth as the crew take to the boats. The ship was discovered and attacked on February 27.

IN FAR-OFF BURMA, TOO, the enemy is attacked by air: American bombers swoop to attack a Japanese supply ship in the Bay of Bengal, near Rangoon

THE DAMAGE CAUSED BY THE R.A.F. ON MARCH 1-2 AT THE TEMPELHOF MARSHALLING YARDS AT BERLIN. The greater part of the damage seen here, extending over an area of 22 acres, was caused by fire. This photograph was taken before the further attacks on Berlin on the nights of March 27-28 and 29-30

On the night of March 1, British bombers made the first of a series of three heavy raids on the German capital: on their return our crews reported seeing "a vast area of the city thick with innumerable fires." There is now proof from the photographs that the raid was, indeed, one of the most successful that Bomber Command has ever made on Berlin. Photographs taken at various times since reveal that much of the damage was, in fact, caused by fire. In all, some thirty factories were damaged. Most significant of this industrial devastation is, perhaps, the destruction of the railway repair shops adjoining the Tempelhof marshalling-yards (above), where large workshops have been destroyed over an area of twenty-two acres

"ONE OF THE LUCKIEST DESTROYERS SERVING IN NORTHERN WATERS": AN IMPRESSION OF H.M.S. "ECLIPSE" ON PATROL. Out of four convoys which she has escorted to Russia, three have arrived safely without loss. She is a vessel of 1,375 tons, built in 1934, and she has now steamed a distance of 130,000 miles, including two voyages to Spitzbergen—*Drawing by Montague Dawson*

Merchant ships like to sail in convoys escorted by H.M.S. *Eclipse*, because the skippers consider her to be a lucky ship! Out of four convoys which she has escorted to Russia, three have arrived safely without loss. But long before undertaking such duties, H.M.S. *Eclipse* had proved her luck—at Narvik, for instance. She was damaged near that Norwegian port by a bomb, and by all ordinary standards she should have sunk, but, in spite of a flooded engine-room, she was towed back to Britain to fight another day.

On one of her convoy journeys, *Eclipse* was escorting Russian-bound vessels when she sighted an enemy destroyer through the snow-squalls. For half an hour she chased the enemy, firing at her all the time and scoring hits. "When we started hitting her," said one of the officers, "we saw some of the German crew jump overboard. Then she stopped, and they started to abandon ship in earnest. We were circling her and preparing to pick up survivors when, suddenly, the visibility cleared and we found two more German destroyers almost on top of us. They began 'throwing bricks' at us, and we didn't think it healthy to wait about. We saw another snow-squall and dodged into it."

For that action the Commanding Officer (Lieut. Com. E. Mack) was awarded the D.S.O. He had already won the D.S.C. earlier in the war. He is one of four brothers, all of whom are in the Royal Navy and known as the "Fighting Macks." The eldest is a Rear-Admiral who has the D.S.O. and Bar; at one time he was the captain of the *King George V*. Another brother has the D.S.C. and has also been mentioned in despatches.

H.M.S. *Eclipse* was begun at the yard of William Denny and Brothers, Ltd., of Dumbarton, in 1933: she was launched in April 1934, and completed in December of the same year. She is a vessel of 1,375 tons, and is 329 ft. in length. With a speed of 36 knots, she carries a complement of 145. Her armament consists of four 4·7-in. guns and smaller weapons; and she has four torpedo-tubes and two depth-charge throwers. The average cost of vessels of this class is £300,000 each, and in peacetime they each cost some £41,000 in annual maintenance.

This fine destroyer has already steamed 130,000 miles in wartime, including two voyages to Spitzbergen.

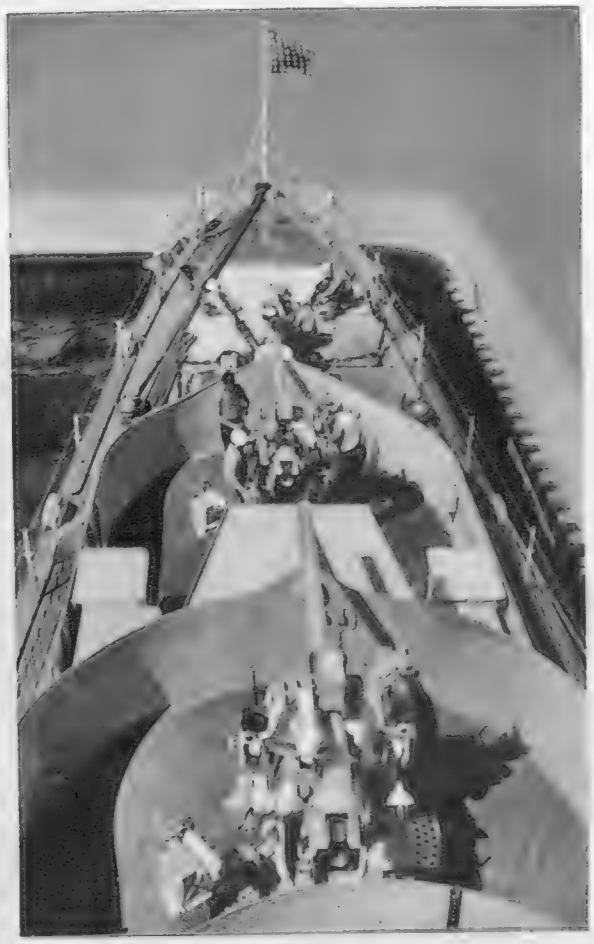
THE U.S. NAVY'S LATEST CHALLENGE TO THE U-BOATS: *On right*—The new-type escort vessels now being produced in America for the protection of the Atlantic convoys—*Drawing by Montague Dawson*
***Above*—The manner in which these vessels are launched, sideways**

The Americans are now beginning to play a greatly increased part in the Battle of the Atlantic. One of the weapons which they propose to use is the new-type escort vessel pictured here. This is a "destroyer escort," which has been described as larger than a British corvette, but somewhat smaller than an American destroyer. They have been designed specially to accompany Allied convoys, thus releasing larger destroyers for combat duty. A number of them have already been completed and are now in service. Their construction is a comparatively rapid process: on completion, they can be launched sideways into the water, as shown above. All the D.E. class carry 3-in. guns for action against the U-boats on the surface; in addition, 20-mm. Oerlikon anti-aircraft guns are carried, as well as depth-charges. Some of the vessels have also been equipped with torpedo-tubes. As will be observed from the drawing on the right, the new D.E. class have a cruiser-like bridge structure, of simple design: one very noticeable feature is the entire absence of port-holes along the vessel's hull.

BRITISH DESTROYER,

and New-type U.S. Escort Vessel

—*Special* Sphere *Drawings*



THE NEW U.S. ESCORT VESSELS : A view from above of some of the guns carried by the new type. The general lines of this class of ship are shown in the drawing by Mr. Montague Dawson below

The War by Air

DAYLIGHT ATTACK by MOSQUITO

ATLANTIC DEFENCE by a new-type AIRCRAFT-CARRIER

—*Special* Sphere *Drawings*

The Mosquito has been prominent in the news of late. There are two versions of this light, very fast aircraft—a bomber type and a fighter type. The latter has just carried out its first "intruder" patrol over Germany by daylight; the former has already achieved great success in daylight bombing attacks. The speed and range of the Mosquito make it ideal for both functions.

The photograph on the right shows another chapter being added to the "serial story" of the never-ceasing campaign against enemy railway communications. On April 1 Mosquitoes crossed into Germany to bomb the railway workshops at Trier, or Treves, a short distance inside the German border adjoining the little State of Luxembourg. This attack meant a flight of about 300 miles from the home base in England, and a penetration of some 180 miles from the nearest point on the enemy-occupied coast. Yet all the Mosquitoes returned safely, and their crews reported a successful bombing operation. Hits were scored on the railway workshops and on an adjoining power station. Whilst the attack was actually in progress, cameras in the aircraft were providing proof of the pilots' claims. One of the pictures brought back is reproduced here.

WHAT HAPPENS WHEN THE BOMBER-TYPE MOSQUITO (as distinct from the fighter type shown below) ATTACKS: The scene at the railway workshops at Trier, in Germany: the first bombs, dropped from a low level, find their mark. Debris rises from the roof of the main workshop as several of the missiles penetrate before exploding. Note one of the attacking Mosquitoes, in the top centre, flying low over the workshop roof

A LONE MOSQUITO OF FIGHTER COMMAND CARRIES THE DAYLIGHT OFFENSIVE TO GERMAN TERRITORY FOR THE FIRST TIME. Coming down to 100 ft., the pilot attacks two military lorries during the course of his 600-mile trip—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

The incident illustrated here took place during a long trip over North-Western Germany, recently carried out by a young Canadian pilot—the first of its kind. The flight was made in daylight and a variety of targets were shot up during the "intruder" patrol: the Mosquito came home without any opposition from the *Luftwaffe*. Five attacks in all were made: the first was on two barges and a tug on a German canal; pieces from all of the vessels flew into the air when the Mosquito's cannon fired. Then the pilot found a goods train at a junction, and parts of the engine were knocked off by his fire. The third attack was on some goods trucks, and the pilot saw cannon shells strike on them all. Next he found two military lorries, which were similarly attacked; finally, before turning for home, the pilot left a second goods train engine enveloped in steam after large pieces of it had rocketed into the air. The pilot said afterwards that there was fine cover for the Mosquito: he went down to about 100 ft. to hit his targets, and the only trouble he encountered was some anti-aircraft flak here and there. The Mosquito is a twin-engined, twin-seat fighter which is being used more and more for long-distance fighter and bomber sorties

AN AIRCRAFT-CARRIER, CONVERTED FROM A MERCHANTMAN, TO PROTECT THE ATLANTIC CONVOYS : This is an artist's suggestion for erecting a flight deck quickly and effectively over the steamer's upper works, and for pushing the bridge structure to one side for the take-off and landing of aircraft. It would appear that in the United States a number of merchant vessels are already being converted on these lines—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

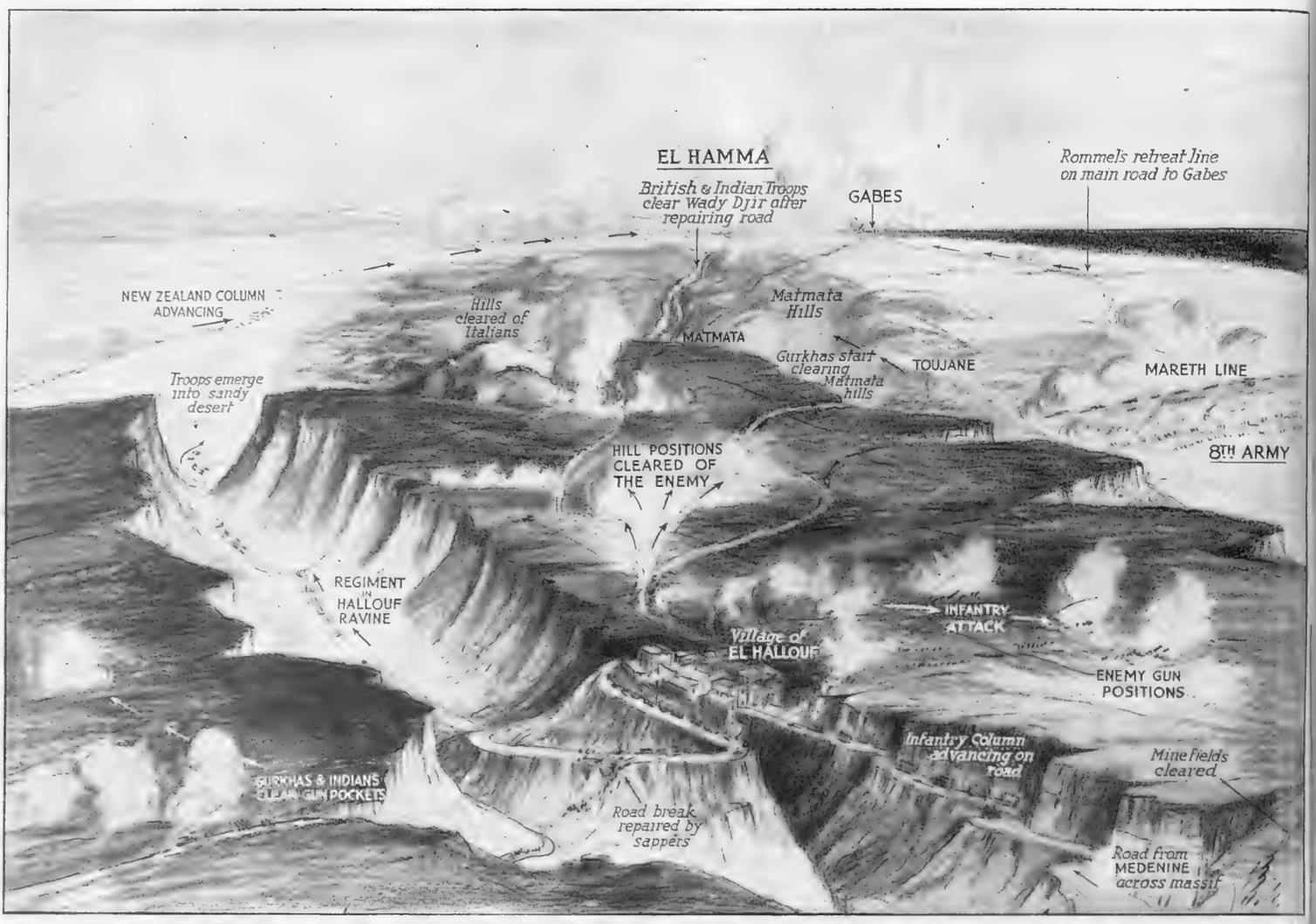
A NEW-TYPE U.S. AIRCRAFT-CARRIER : The scene at the launch by Mrs. Roosevelt of the "Alazon Bay," which is described as "the first of a great fleet of floating airports." It is intended to build these vessels by mass production

A few weeks ago the question of still further safeguarding the Atlantic convoys was being vigorously discussed in both America and Great Britain, and various suggestions were made for the effective bridging of the "gap" in mid-ocean which cannot be covered by land-based patrol aircraft One method of meeting the case is to carry catapult planes on a certain number of the convoyed vessels : but this is not altogether ideal.

The drawing by Mr. Roland Davies above shows how merchantmen might be converted into small aircraft-carriers for convoy duties. Operating from these, both aircraft and pilot would function under much more satisfactory conditions. Mr. Henry J. Kaiser, too, has just made a contribution to this same problem by launching the *Alazon Bay*, shown above. This vessel might be described as an aircraft-carrier in miniature, built specially and speedily for a specialised function.

A NEW AMERICAN AIRCRAFT-CARRIER TAKES THE WATER IN THE UNITED STATES. The U.S.S. *Belleau Wood* is the most recent vessel to be added to the great American Fleet : she is the third aircraft-carrier to be launched from the same yard within fifteen weeks. It will be noted that the bow of this vessel has almost a cruiser-like fineness, and that the flight deck is a considerable height above sea-level. It was at Belleau Wood in 1918 that the Americans achieved their first important victory in the First World War

C



THE CLEARING OF THE MATMATA MASSIF ON GENERAL MONTGOMERY'S LEFT : This task was necessary if the advance to El Hamma was to go forward ; and, at the same time, if the Eighth Army in front of the Mareth Line itself was to make its frontal assault undisturbed by flank attacks. The clearing-out of the Axis strong-points was performed by British and Gurkha regiments who advanced through the Hallouf Gorge on to the high ground of the Matmata massif and then worked north and north-east—*Drawing by Percy Home*

The Mareth Battles in Detail

HOW MONTGOMERY CLEARED HIS OWN FLANK

During the Daring Advance Across the Sand Desert, or Grand Erg, Towards El Hamma—*Special Diagram and Drawings*

AFTER General Montgomery had made the decision to mass a good portion of his troops for a turning movement which would take them to the district of El Hamma and thus menace the German line of retreat, it then became necessary for him to clear his own left flank ; otherwise he would himself have been menaced in front of Mareth by those detached forces of the enemy which were occupying the high ground of the Matmata Hills for that very purpose.

The task of clearing the heights was given to an Indian Division ; a second task, that of clearing a passage way through the Hallouf Gorge, was assigned to a British regiment. The British force rushed the pass during a successful night action : they reached the village of El Hallouf, and cleared the way for a convoy, which passed through to the sandy desert beyond during the course of the next day. There was one point, however, at which it appeared as if a serious delay was likely to occur. Part of the roadway had been blown up and had fallen down the side of the ravine into a valley below. This had to be repaired : in a surprisingly short time the Sappers had laid a sufficiently stiff surface to enable traffic to continue. Previously, they had encountered enemy minefields in the approaches to the Pass.

While this work was in progress, a Brigade of Indians was engaged in clearing the high ground at the south of the Hallouf Gorge, where a number of gun positions of the enemy still lurked. Before they reached the desired high ground they encountered a minefield four miles in depth, in which the mines had been sown so deep that to reach them with detectors was extremely difficult. Another portion of the Indian Division, including a Rajputana regiment, swarmed over the high ground to the north. They had difficulty in clearing a couple of hills where the enemy put up a stout resistance, but Eighth Army artillery laid down a smoke screen and the enemy positions were then rushed.

The next objective lay in the mass of the lower Matmata Hills, which stretch northwards towards the El Hamma position. The Gurkha Rifles pressed on rapidly into this district, closely pursuing the enemy rearguards. They fought their way through the Toujane-Zelten-Matmata area until they reached the Wadi Djir. Here the road leading northwards follows the very rim of the gully. Considerable difficulty was again encountered in making good the demolitions accomplished by the Germans. The Gurkhas, however, formed a living chain and passed up stones and material in such speedy fashion that a temporary repair was quickly made and a road-bed laid. This wadi led the troops right up to the battle position upon which the main New Zealand column, led by General Freyberg, V.C., was converging. By this great Anglo-Indian effort the whole hill flank was cleared of the enemy, thus allowing the huge column of vehicles to pass northward without fear of interruption.

Some eighteen hours after the Sappers had paved the way for the Indian Division, the latter poured into the plain, to the astonishment of one hundred Italians forming a rearguard, who were preparing leisurely to leave. They had not seen our troops picking their way cautiously across the improvised bridgeway above. Gurkhas in a sudden rush took them all prisoner.

The Matmata Mountains were now clear, and in a short time the Indians had joined the New Zealanders and gone on to El Hamma.

A CAPTURED ENEMY PILL-BOX IN THE MARETH LINE being inspected by men of the Eighth Army after Rommel's retreat to the north. The defences of the Line were very real indeed. Originally constructed by the French, they were intended to bar the way to the Italians should the latter attempt an invasion of Tunisia from Tripolitania to the east. Rommel had strongly reinforced the original French fortifications, and it would appear as if—until Montgomery's outflanking move by way of El Hamma—the Axis had every intention of holding on at Mareth as long as possible

THROUGH THE GREAT SAND DESERT, OR GRAND ERG, TO EL HAMMA. On the 200-mile journey from Foum Tatahouine the Khamsin blew without cease. The track was buried—out of sight at times—as vehicles lurched over the sand ridges. On the right an officer is seen controlling the traffic at a special Direction Post—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

The STRUGGLE THROUGH the SAND and the DUST STORMS to EL HAMMA

During the journey through the desert of the Grand Erg to El Hamma, thousands of wheels and tractors churned up the sand and for miles the road lay under a great pall of sand-smoke. Small scout-cars led the way, acting as reconnaissance vehicles amidst the ridges. Behind them came 24-wheel transport vehicles, which carried the heavy tanks across the more difficult country before discharging their cargoes to proceed under their own power. Little land-"tugs" went up and down the length of the huge column, superintending its progress and repeatedly dragging stranded vehicles out of the sand-drifts into which they had floundered axle-deep. Some of the big four-wheel lorries performed a like service for the smaller vehicles. The terrain over which the tanks and supply vehicles moved is a waterless desert on the fringe of the Great Sahara. For many miles tracks which have been well-defined in places merge into treacherous shoals of soft sand where transport is apt to become hopelessly bogged. All along the route supply vehicles which had successfully negotiated the journey were returning. The route had by then become a recognised line of communication and the tracks were marked with unit signs. The Khamsin blew throughout, raising great sand-storms.

THE STRUGGLE THROUGH THE SAND ON THE EL HAMMA ROAD. Tanks on special trollies, loaded lorries and vehicles of all kinds churned their way northward through the night. Small, but strong, land-"tugs" drew the sandbogged vehicles out on to firmer ground when they became bogged down on the shifting desert sands. Throughout the perilous journey a pall of smoke, composed of sand particles, lay over the land—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

The Mareth Battles in Detail

THE PERFECT OUTFLANKING MOVEMENT AT EL HAMMA

And the Moment of the Great Frontal Assault at Mareth Itself—*Two Special* Sphere *Drawings*

After the great rush from Foum Tatahouine to El Hamma (recorded on the preceding two pages), the strong outflanking force despatched by General Montgomery to El Hamma at once prepared for action. On Friday afternoon, March 26, the attack was launched, after the R.A.F. had paved the way with a mass of bombers over enemy targets. "The intention was to surprise the enemy by violation of the usual rule of attack by night and give him least time to make new dispositions," wrote one special correspondent who was present with the El Hamma column.

Before the first light of day, the British tanks were withdrawn from the hills, and the infantry with their lorries were moved up into the folds and deep wadis. They hid there all day, forbidden all movement, forbidden even to fire at whatever stray raiders might fly over.

The R.A.F. started the attack at 2 p.m., and thereafter at least three squadrons of Kittyhawks were kept continuously over the enemy's rearmost lines. Two hours later medium guns, howitzers, 25-pounders, and even captured German 88-mm. guns, opened up. They were concealed

Below—**AFTER THE ORDER TO WITHDRAW HAD BEEN GIVEN to the British troops at the first frontal assault at Mareth. The get-away of the men who had held on so grimly to their advanced positions at the bridgehead after vainly waiting for reinforcements to arrive**

—*Drawing by E. Byatt*

After the collapse of the Causeway at the Wadi Zigzaou during the frontal assault on the Mareth Line (the result of unexpected heavy rains), the British troops holding the bridgehead right in the enemy's territory had a bad time. All day, whilst waiting for the reinforcements which could not arrive, they crouched under heavy and scientific fire. Hardly a square yard of ground escaped plastering. Men died in their shallow trenches : others had miraculous escapes. They could do nothing . . . When night fell, acting on instructions, they made a run for it. It was no use trying to pick out a safe path : the whole area was criss-crossed with fixed fire. It was a matter of dashing for 100 yards or so, throwing oneself into a shell-hole for a breather, and then dashing on again. Most of the men left made it ; others hadn't the stamina ; others died while they were running towards the distant glow created by our guns on the other side of the wadi

THE ATTACK BY THE TANKS AND THE SURPRISE OF THE GERMANS AT EL HAMMA. The astonishing and impressive moment when six lines of British tanks of all types lurched forward to the assault in massive array, supported by the guns and massed infantry. This was the spearhead of the great force which had outflanked Rommel and which thereby forced him to abandon his positions along the Mareth Line (*See* notes at left)—*Drawing by E. Byatt*

behind every feature in the vast amphitheatre which formed so striking a feature of the El Hamma battlefield. The guns were so trained on the enemy's lines that every 30 yards of his line had the entire fire of one gun!

At the same moment the expanse of the knolled plain became alive with tanks and infantry which were hiding there. Shermans and Grants passed ahead of the infantry, Crusaders and Valentines forming the rear. Roaring and lurching over the uneven ground the mechanised mass moved with awesome slowness in six columns towards the Roman wall across the saddle-back. As it neared the gap from the east, newly-arrived troops, with tanks and infantry, advanced and wheeled right to face the enemy just out of range.

The enemy, Germans and Italians, were in an awful predicament, with shells falling in front and bombs falling behind, while the Khamsin (which still blew inexorably) blinded and stifled them. The infantry jolted forward, through a track made in the minefield, in their lorries to a point where they de-bussed and went forward to the attack cheering.

The scene at this moment, with tanks, infantry, guns, aircraft, all attacking at once, is vividly portrayed in Mr. Byatt's drawing above.

THE GURKHAS AND SOME OF THEIR CAPTIVES: An officer of a Gurkha regiment is here inspecting the identity discs of German prisoners taken by him and his men during a night patrol in the Matmata Hill district. The Gurkhas completely lived up to their great reputation; they proved themselves great fighters in the hill districts which they were ordered to clear of the Axis (as recounted on the previous two pages). It is interesting to note the dress worn by the staunch little warriors and their officers during night operation.

The Mareth Battles in Detail

THE WOUNDED ON THE BATTLEFIELD

At Mareth and in the Northern Tunisian Sectors

UP IN THE HILLS OF TUNISIA: Stretcher-bearers bringing in a wounded man from patrol. These are first-aid men of a Northamptonshire regiment at work in a forward position overlooking no-man's land: they march with their battalion, but go unarmed into battle, wearing the Red Cross brassard on their arms. Though others may be driven to cover under heavy fire, they have to move forward to bring succour to their wounded comrades

AWAY FROM THE FURY OF BATTLE IN NORTH AFRICA. Patients in stretcher-beds at a Casualty Clearing Station behind the battle zone. There is one C.C.S. to each Division in the field, and 200 casualties can be treated there at one time

AMERICAN AMBULANCE DRIVERS removing a dead Italian from a car which has been smashed by Allied gun-fire

The name of a dead German soldier of the 15th Panzer Division being inscribed on a cross by a Guards corporal

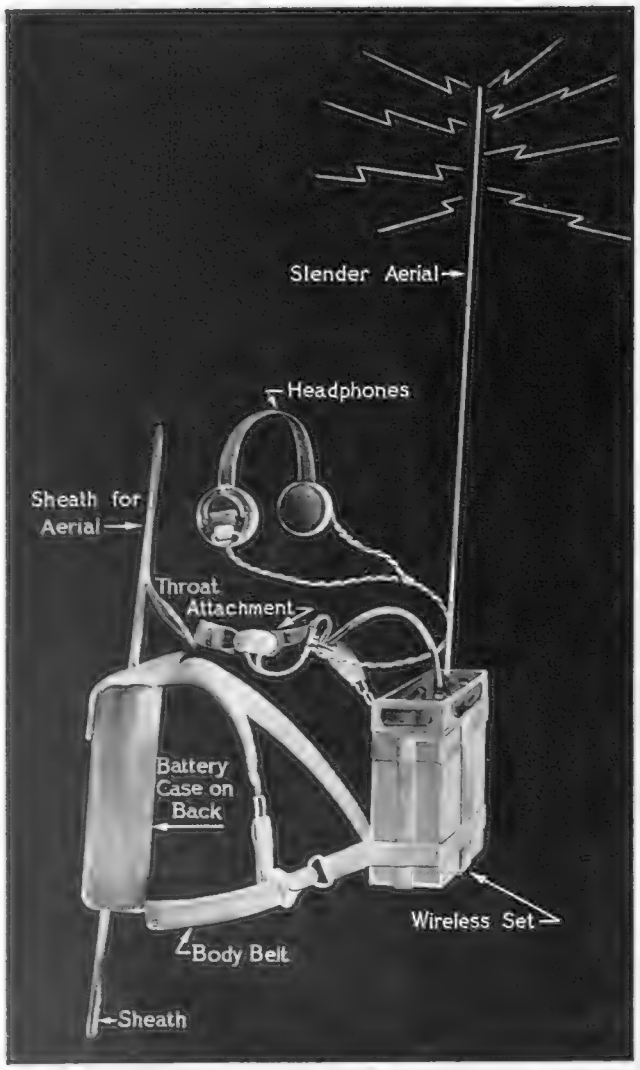
AN INCIDENT DURING THE FIGHTING ON THE MARETH FRONT: Under hot fire, a "blond giant" rescues wounded men from the forward positions and carries them back to an advanced dressing-station. During the intense fighting in and around the Wadi Zigzaou, many of the most forward dressing-posts were blitzed, and the wounded had to be carried still farther back—*Drawing by Edward Osmond*

AT the Wadi Zigzaou (where the Eighth Army had established a bridgehead in the enemy's territory, but where their subsequent advance was held up), the fighting was of the most intense character. So heavy was the shell-fire from the German guns at this point that many of our troops were "pinned to the ground" for long periods at a time; casualties were, of course, correspondingly heavy. Nevertheless, the work of the doctors and stretcher-bearers continued without cessation.

Some grateful men have told of a young doctor's heroism near the entry to the Mareth breach, at the bridgehead. An advanced dressing-station near the Wadi Zigzaou had been bombed by the Germans—one of many which suffered in this manner during the heavy and confused fighting of those early days—and two doctors performed the back-breaking work of carrying the wounded men to safety.

Before this bombing, one of the medical staff—"a blond giant" of six-feet odd, with shoulders to match—had crossed the wadi several times to carry the badly-wounded men back to the station. To each man he brought in, he administered rough first aid before setting off for another. He made these perilous journeys while vehicles were pinned down by the enemy's concentrated shell-fire.

AMERICAN NURSES TAKE A STROLL WHILE OFF DUTY near a field hospital set up by a medical unit of the U.S. Army a few miles behind the front line. The huge white cross in canvas spread out on the ground identifies the hospital to hostile aircraft



THE ONE-MAN EQUIPMENT carried by reconnaissance patrols, showing the throat attachment which allows of almost silent radio transmission

A SIGNALLER AT WORK DURING THE THICK OF THE FIGHTING IN TUNISIA. During the German push of March 5-7, before our advance at the Mareth Line, the men of an Eighth Army unit were continually under artillery fire. At one time, one of the platoons was completely cut off. But although communications broke down through a direct hit, the men hung on and eventually regained the initiative. The picture above shows Signalman Eastland (twenty-eight years of age, and previously an office clerk in Tottenham), who made the discovery that all lines had been destroyed. He began working a portable wireless set: despite that both he and the set were blown about by blast, Eastland eventually re-established communication with other units

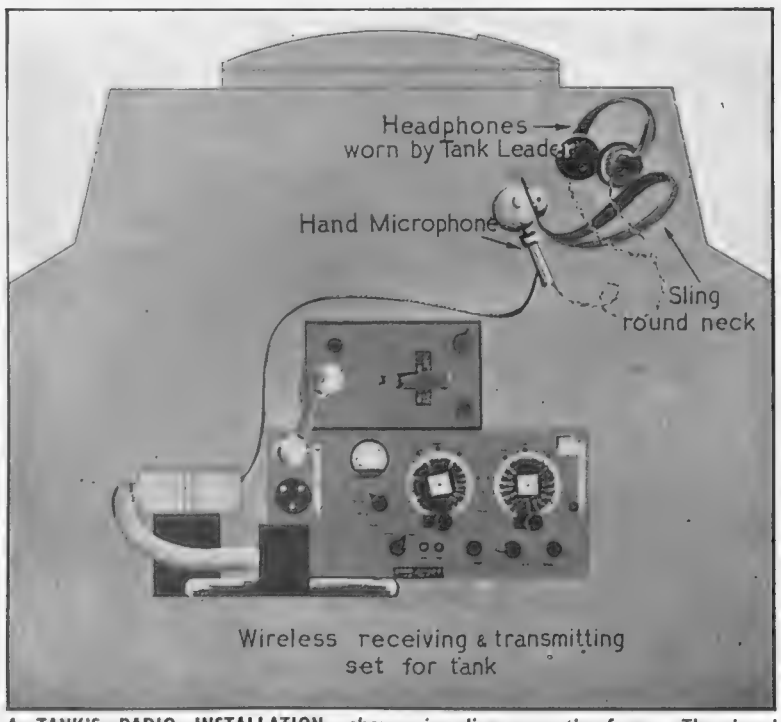
EL ALAMEIN to EL HAMMA —By RADIO

A Review of the Work Performed by Wireless During the Desert Operations

By B. TUNBRIDGE

MOTORISTS who listened to radio as they travelled along peaceful country lanes before the war little realised that the same skill which provided their enjoyment had laid the foundation for the triumphant march of the Eighth Army from the very gates of Egypt to the defence lines of Tunisia. Yet radio, one of the most quickly developed contributions to modern life, has had no small part in the success of General Montgomery's army in Africa.

During the Great War radio was in its infancy. Communications were maintained by means of land-line telephone cables, and any young man who could ride a motor-cycle got his chance to carry messages from commanders to the troops who carried out their orders. Four years of war gave radio its real chance to develop, and by the time peace once more returned, radio communication was commencing to play a part in warfare.



A TANK'S RADIO INSTALLATION, shown in diagrammatic form. The hand microphone for sending out messages can be quickly dropped, as it is carried by a sling round the tank commander's neck—*Diagrams by B. C. Wood*

THE THROAT ATTACHMENT for radio transmission in the field. It is here worn by Peter Smith (on left), the well-known Essex County cricketer, who is now serving in the Army

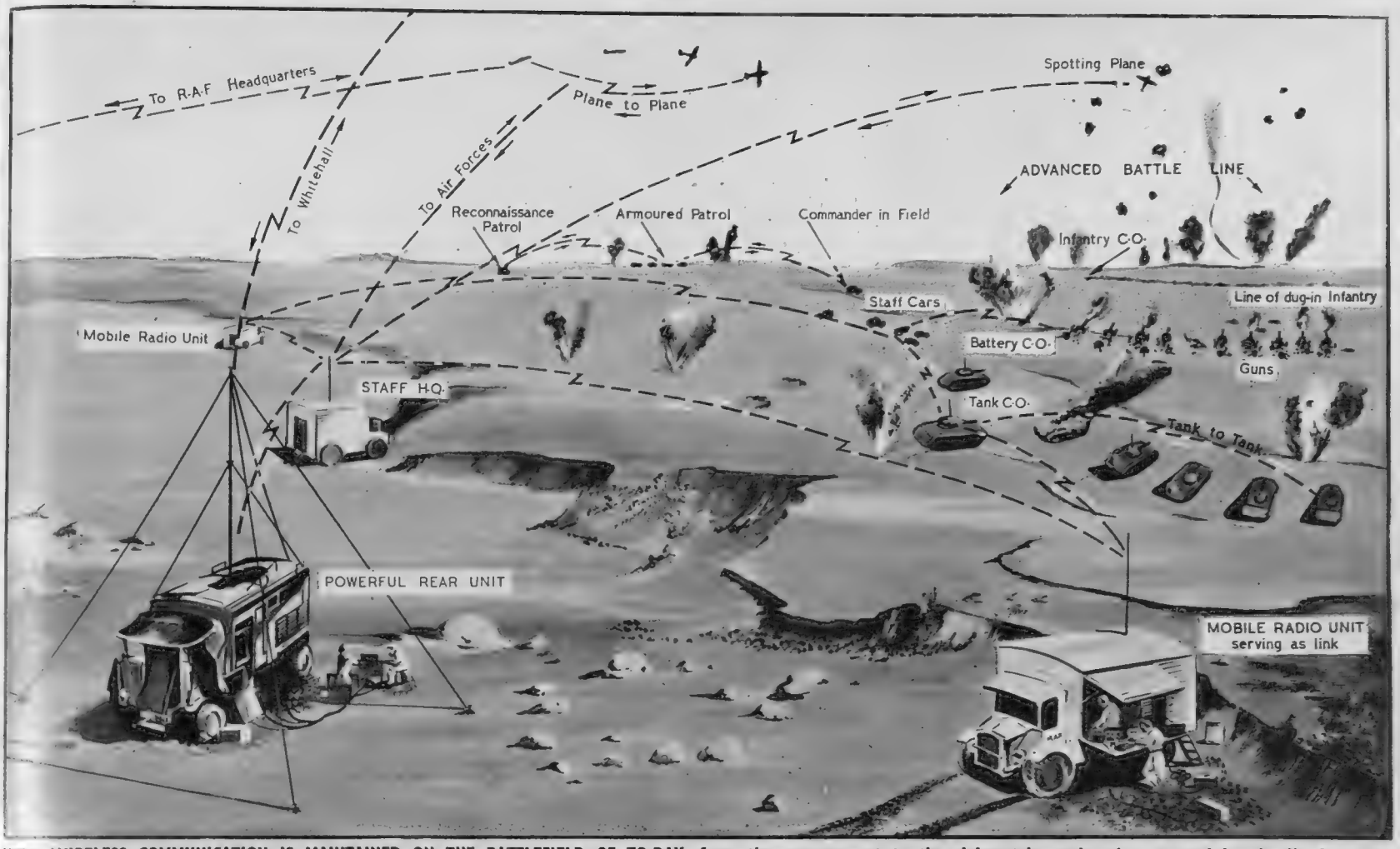
AT AN OBSERVATION POST in the desert under shell-fire: Signallers working by field telephone from holes dug in the ground in the advance area

As with most scientific invention which can be adapted to the needs of everyday life, radio soon started to extend its field, and commercial development quickly established it as a favourite fireside pleasure. First, its novelty was sufficient to make it attractive to the family, with earphones tightly pressed on heads. Then the portable receiver allowed it to be heard through loud-speakers in any room in the house. Later, car manufacturers fitted it as a luxury addition to their latest models.

To provide all the new uses for radio, designers and research workers had to toil ceaselessly in an endeavour to solve the many problems that presented themselves with every innovation. They overcame the problem of eliminating noise from the loud-speaker when radio was fitted in a motor-car in close proximity to the engine. As sparks exploded the gas in the cylinders of the engine, the car radio had virtually a miniature broadcasting station within a few inches of its aerial. The engineers solved that problem, and many others besides, and in the work they did for peacetime pleasure-listening they solved many of the difficulties which could have held back the Eighth Army in desert warfare.

To-day, the British Army has the most elaborate system of radio communications it is possible with present knowledge to devise. Ranging from small, box-like transmitters and receivers which can be strapped on the back of an infantryman, they extend to elaborate "intercommunication" sets which keep commanders in the field in constant touch with staff headquarters. Again, radio, with its waves "beamed" to the farthest corners of the earth, enables the staff officer in Britain to communicate with armies in the field.

No longer is the small patrol isolated from its battalion. Carrying one of the small portable, battery-operated sets, the men on reconnaissance in the desert are able to maintain communication with the armoured patrols in the rear. Weighing only as much as one man can comfortably carry, these sets have a range of a few miles. Latest techniques in radio apparatus enable the infantryman in action to transmit his messages without stopping to set up his



WIRELESS COMMUNICATION IS MAINTAINED ON THE BATTLEFIELD OF TO-DAY, from the one-man set to the elaborately equipped vans used by the Headquarters Staff in the field—*Diagram by B. C. Wood*

Although land-lines and field telephones still play their part in modern warfare, the use of radio is growing every day during battle operations—mainly because of its swiftness. The size and power of the radio equipment now in use ranges from the light, one-man apparatus carried by a reconnaissance patrol to the large units at the rear capable of maintaining communication over wide areas. The patrol equipment is only designed to talk to the armoured patrol in its immediate rear: the latter can talk to the Commander in the field: the Commander, in turn, can talk to all the forces under his command, probably from a staff car ahead of the specially-fitted H.Q. radio van. The Battery Commanders keep in touch with the Observation Posts by wireless; tanks keep in touch with the Command, and amongst themselves, by wireless equipment in the tank itself. Mobile radio units, fitted for quick repair work and for replenishing batteries, play an indispensable part. Finally, there may be a powerful unit for reaching distant points or aircraft of the R.A.F. on long-distance patrol

portable station. When microphones were first developed, it was necessary to talk directly into the mouthpiece. Modern miniature microphones no longer have to be "talked at." Strapped round the throat, they pick up the vibrations direct from the vocal chords, and transmit the smallest whisper that would be inaudible to anyone standing alongside. The radio is now operating right up to the front lines with much heavier equipment, covering a greater range. By a network of fairly weak transmitters which can communicate with more powerful mobile stations, messages are transmitted over the entire battlefield in a matter of seconds. During the Great War, messages which took hours to reach their destinations nowadays flash through in a matter of seconds.

Radio is taking a leading part in the actual fighting between the armoured divisions. As tanks advance into battle, commanders give their orders to the squadron leaders by means of the radio "intercom." Changed plans or tactics can be notified to individual tank crews without wasting a second, and the leader can instruct his men with the same precision as an accomplished chess-player moves the pieces on his board.

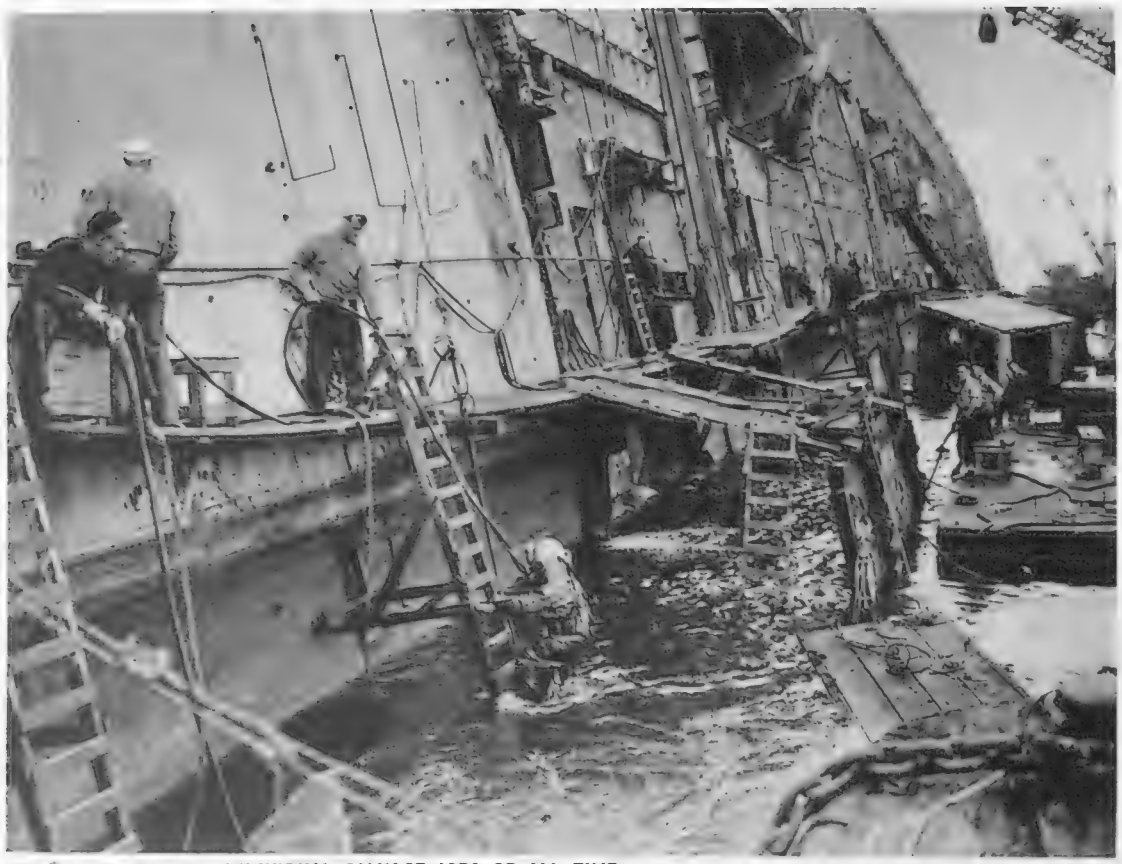
Wartime radio has given the researchers far more problems than they had to meet in peacetime. One of the greatest difficulties they have had to solve is allocation of wavelengths. With so many different channels of communications to be kept open, the experts have not only had to provide varying wavelengths, but have also had to work out suitable ones for the climatic vicissitudes which are encountered in the desert.

Such a tremendous amount of equipment as is needed to keep a modern army in constant touch with its smallest outpost demands a highly organised service section. To ensure that all apparatus is kept 100 per cent. efficient, the British Army recently formed a new Corps—the Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers. The electrical section of this regiment of craftsmen maintain the radio from battle line to base. Operating in the combat zone they have detachments of skilled men who carry out the light repairs necessary to keep sets working. They locate simple faults, repair loose connections, change valves, and do all the simple jobs that do not demand the use of complicated test apparatus. Behind them, mobile workshops are equipped to carry out more complicated work. Still further towards the base are permanent workshops, where design modifications and other major repair jobs can be carried out.

The African battle has proved the value of radio in modern warfare.

ARMY SIGNALMEN WITH THE R.A.F. IN NORTH AFRICA: Linesmen of the Royal Signals erecting a telephone line from an R.A.F. post to an Airfield Control Room

The co-ordination of ground and air attack which has been such a vital factor in the fighting in North Africa depends largely upon signal communications. The R.A.F. have their own wireless communications, but the Royal Signals units of the Army, known as Air Formation Signals, are responsible for the main telephone and telegraph communications of the R.A.F. in theatres of war. Recently, their linesmen had to construct lines at record speed over very difficult country, during the course of which they were frequently under heavy fire



ONE OF THE BIGGEST INDIVIDUAL SALVAGE JOBS OF ALL TIME: Divers go down into the Hudson River at New York to work on the U.S.S. *Lafayette* (formerly the *Normandie*), which burned and capsized at her pier. The above-water work of clearing the hulk of her superstructure and upper decks has been completed: now the divers are carrying out the much more difficult task of clearing the under-water sections and sealing all the openings. When this work is finished, the actual refloating of the giant vessel will begin

THE SALVAGING OF THE FORMER LINER "MAJESTIC"—40,000 tons raised from the sea bottom: A great feat of wartime salvage has just been completed with the raising of the naval training-ship *Caledonia* (formerly the well-known Cunard-White Star liner *Majestic*). Of over 56,000 tons, this big vessel sank in the Firth of Forth after outbreaks of fire aboard her. Salvage operations were under the direction of Captain C. G. Bonner, V.C., of the Salvage Section of Steel Control: 40,000 tons of steel have thus been recovered for Britain's war needs. The *Majestic* was formerly the German liner *Bismarck*: she was handed over to Great Britain at the end of the last war as part of War Reparations. Captain Bonner is seen on the deck of the ship in the above picture

AFTER DAMAGE BY A MINE OFF THE COAST OF VIRGINIA, this large American tanker was being salvaged when fire broke out. In consequence, when this picture was taken, the bow of the vessel was dragging on the sea bottom. Salvage tugs were still alongside, and later the work of salvage was resumed

The "GHOST FLEET" of BRITAIN

Scores of Ships Now Sailing as Merchantmen Have Already Been Sunk Before! Their Rescue was Achieved after First-class Salvage Work

SALVAGE men, until recently very much a race apart, had the reputation of speaking plainly to any amateurs who invaded their province. Not so many years ago a cruiser stranded on the Cornish coast, and the Navy eventually had to call in the salvors. The first of the "professionals" to arrive was a diver-carpenter—a man who could work blindfold at 50 fathoms with almost the skill of a Chippendale. Dumping his tools on the deck, he greeted the cruiser's "owner" with a "Well, sir, I reckon you 've ruddy well killed her between you!"

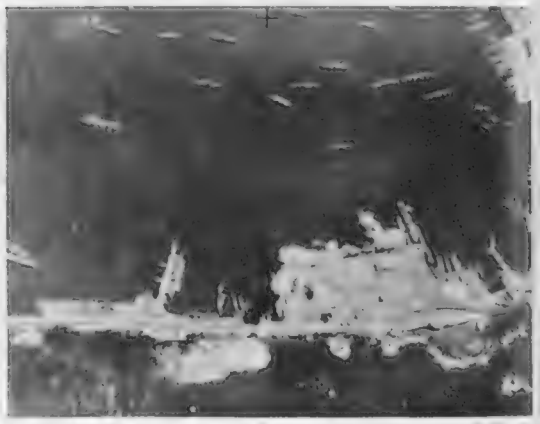
Since then the Admiralty has formed its own Salvage Department, which now has behind it years of experience and a large, highly competent personnel. Naturally enough, very little can be said of the jobs it is on at present, but one has only to remember the ships scuttled in the harbours of Eritrea, Jibuti and Somaliland, besides the dozens on the bottom in Tobruk, Derna and Benghazi.

Wartime salvage is more difficult in many ways than similar work in peace. Time is the great factor in all salvage work, and having to observe the black-out may prevent working during favourable tidal conditions at night. Again,

THE SCENE AT MERSA MATRUH after its capture by the Eighth Army in November last. Two wrecked merchant vessels are lying in the harbour; along the shore wrecked store buildings, destroyed dumps and damaged jetties testified to the deadly accuracy of Allied bombers

the damage done by mines or torpedoes is far worse than that which normally follows a peacetime collision or stranding. Bulkheads will be twisted and huge, gaping holes opened which are very difficult to patch.

Risk of air attack during the process also hampers the work. Even if the bombs miss the ship, the shock of the explosion transmitted through the water is a very real danger to the divers. Even after the vessel has been dry-docked her troubles from air attack may not be over, as witness the case of the *Penelope* at Malta. Unlike the days of peace, when the cost of salvage might often be greater than the market

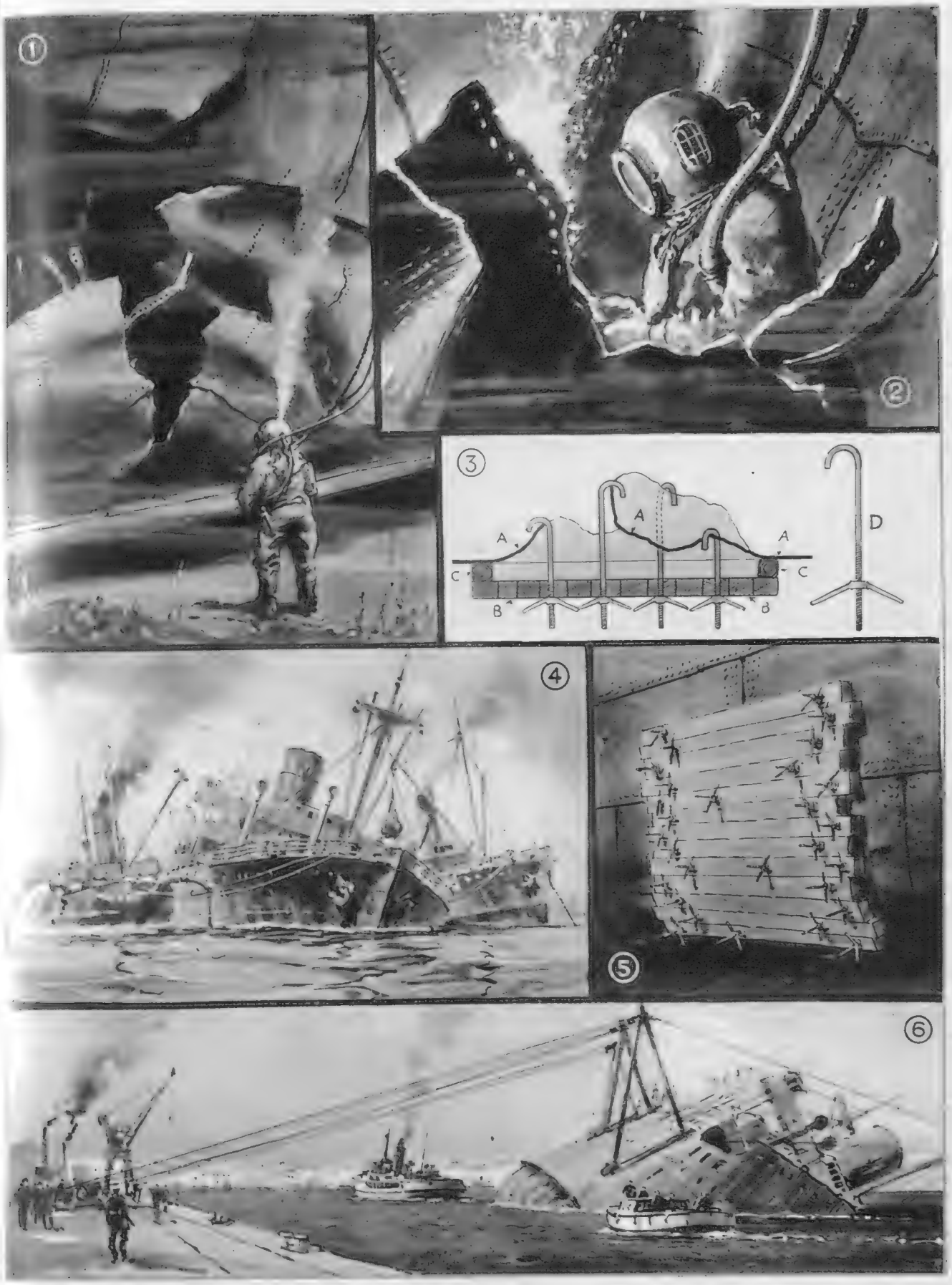


BOMB EXPLOSIONS ON THE EDGE OF THE MOLE AT TRIPOLI, where seven block-ships were sunk by Rommel to delay the Eighth Army's advance. All were removed by naval salvage parties in six days and nights of intensive work

price of a similar vessel, salvage is now undertaken whenever it is technically feasible. The practical limit in European waters is a depth of 100-150 ft. for divers working by ordinary means. Salvage of valuable cargo can often be done from much greater depths. Within the last eighteen months, a very valuable consignment of gold was recovered by Captain Williams from the S.S. *Niagara*, sunk in 400 ft. in Australian waters.

Salvage conditions are made more artificial in wartime since it is often necessary to deliberately sink a "lame duck" which is quite capable of making port. This often has to be done in waters exposed to enemy attack, not because the vessel would sink, but because she can only crawl at such a speed that the prolonged risk to the escorting vessels becomes too great.

This war has already seen the largest sea-salvage job in history—the raising of the *Caledonia*, which sank, after a fire, in the Firth of Forth. The *Caledonia* (the ex-German liner



HOW SUNKEN SHIPS ARE BROUGHT TO THE SURFACE AGAIN. The methods by which the salvage of merchantmen is achieved (see notes at right)—*Drawings by Wm. McDowell*

Bismarck) is a huge ship of 56,000 tons. In her latter days she was used as a naval apprentice training-ship. Now she has been floated she will present us with a huge quantity of high-grade steel—enough to build half-a-dozen useful cargo-boats.

The part tugs play in refloating ships is much misunderstood. Tugs alone rarely refloat a stranded ship. If a vessel is stranded in water only a few inches below her load-line, those few inches will represent a negative buoyancy of many hundred tons. No tugs in the world could move her. But if there is a slight swell running, the ship will float occasionally. Since the tugs keep up a steady pull, every time she floats a few feet will be gained and, with luck, off she will eventually come.

A modern cargo-steamer is little more than a huge steel box, with a double bottom. It is the double bottom, formed by the water ballast-tanks which run virtually the whole length of the vessel, which makes the salvors' task much easier than it was in the old days. If only the outer shell of the bottom is pierced, and a few tanks filled, the repair job is fairly easy. But if both water-tight shells are holed, the cargo holds will fill too, and very extensive repair work and heavy pumping will be wanted. This double damage is almost always done by mines or torpedoes, and adds to the labours of the salvors. At the same time, it is extraordinary what will sometimes serve to stop a hole. Old motor tyres, cement, timber, tarpaulins; even the cargo (such as wheat or wool) itself. The chief item, however, is undoubtedly the skill and experience of the salvors themselves.

A. D. McCracken

On left—

To raise a sunken ship is, even under the best of conditions, a difficult and sometimes perilous job. In general the principle is—first to seal the damaged hull; then to pump out the water. But so many different factors have to be taken into account that this is not so easy as it sounds.

The depth of water in which the ship is sunk is naturally the first consideration, as the greater the depth the more difficult it is for divers to work. The extent of hull damage is the next factor, as a ship cannot be refloated until this is sealed. Tidal conditions play an important part because, if a strong current runs in the vicinity, it may not only impede the diver's work but even shift the sunken vessel. The nature of the sea-bed, too, is important. A ship sunk on a sandy or muddy bottom may settle deeper, while if the bottom is rocky, the hull may receive such strains that any hope of salvaging may have to be abandoned.

Each particular sunken ship presents a different problem which has to be studied carefully from every aspect before salvage work is begun.

1—A diver surveying the damage to a torpedoed ship. If the damage is not too extensive, a temporary patch can often be put in place by divers, preliminary to pumping the ship out. Any plates which protrude outward from the hull must, of course, be cut away before such a patch can be fitted.

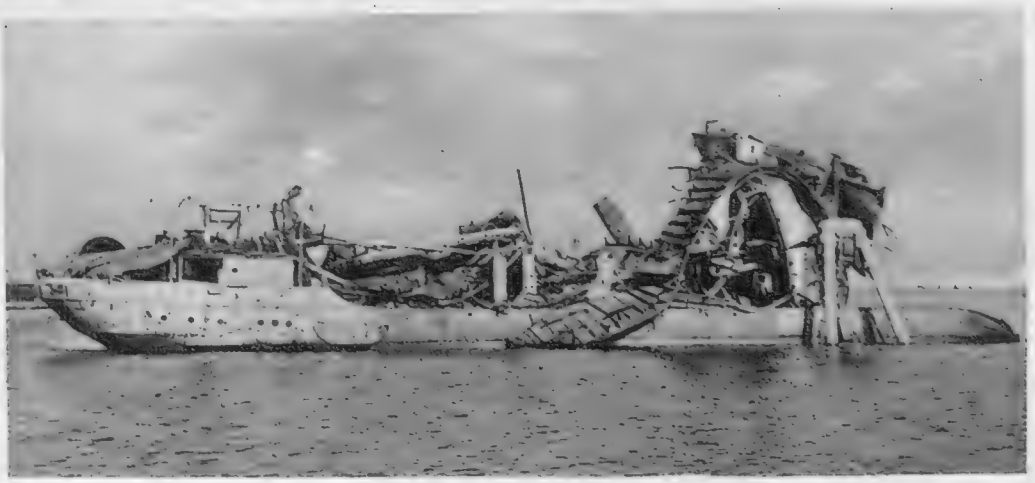
2—A diver cutting away protruding plates with a special underwater flame-cutting torch.

3—Diagram showing one method of sealing a small fracture. A wooden "pad" is fixed over the hole by means of "hook-bolts." Large numbers of these, of various lengths, are rammed in the salvage ship. The "hook-bolt" (D) is a simple device which can be hooked on to any convenient place and screwed home by means of a double handle. The pad (B) is built of stout timbers, with a "bolster" of canvas stuffed with oakum (C) round its edge to make it watertight. A is the edge of the hole to which the hook-bolts are attached. Cement is often used to make these patches watertight.

5—Shows the "pad" in position.

4—A merchant ship sunk in shallow water. On her port side is another vessel which is taking the cargo out of the sunken ship to lighten her. On her starboard side is the salvage ship, with her powerful pumps at work emptying the flooded compartments after the hull has been temporarily sealed.

6—Shows a method sometimes employed to right a capsized vessel. Stout timber trestles are built on the side of the sunken ship, and powerful winches on shore then heave the vessel upright.



WHEN AN AMMUNITION VESSEL BLOWS UP—a scene in Benghazi, the harbour of sunken ships. Blasted for months by Allied bombers, Benghazi Harbour was filled with wrecks when our troops entered it last year. All kinds of vessels lay beside the bomb-shattered wharves and in the roadstead, battered into twisted scrap-iron. Some of the ships were even blown out of the water on to the quays! All around were piles of masonry and rubble where once stood warehouses full of supplies. The pile of junk seen above was once an Italian ammunition-vessel: its bow plates are seen curled back over the shattered superstructure amidships. Tons of explosives intended for the Axis armies were destroyed when this vessel sustained a direct hit from a bomb launched by an Allied aircraft

"BLITZ WARFARE" and the R.A.M.C.

The Methods by which the Medical Services of the Army have Adapted Themselves to Existing Conditions in the Field. Described by CHARLES GRAVES

IN company with the other branches of the Service, the Royal Army Medical Corps has been compelled to expand and alter many of its former methods to meet the impact of blitz warfare. Some of you may have heard Lieut.-General Hood, C.B., C.B.E., the Director-General of Medical Services, giving a broadcast recently on Casualty Clearing Stations, blood transfusion, air-transport ambulances, resuscitation centres and the value of plastic splinting and sulphanamide treatment.

In the last war, when things were largely static, the Royal Army Medical Corps utilised a system whereby the wounded reached the Regimental Aid Post, were moved to the advanced Dressing Station; and from there went to the main Dressing Station and on to the Casualty Clearing Station. The mobile form of war now prevalent has rendered this obsolete. The wounded go from the Regimental Aid Post to the advanced Dressing Station as before. Here comes the triage. This synthetic word means the collecting, sorting out, labelling and disposal of the wounded. The latter are divided into three groups. Group I will need immediate resuscitation and are moved straight off to the Field Dressing Station for resuscitation. Group 2 are urgent cases, such as men with perforated abdomens, and are moved by ambulance to the advanced Surgical Centre. The advanced Surgical Centre, in fact, is the combination of a Field Surgical Unit and a Field Dressing Station combined with a Blood Transfusion Unit. The personnel consists of a surgeon, an anæsthetist and nine other ranks, including orderlies and Royal Army Service Corps drivers. Group 3 form the majority. They are non-urgent cases, and are directed to the Casualty Clearing Station, where surgical operations of a light nature are carried out on them. Here there are two complete surgical teams, compared with only one in the last war.

Farther back, at the rail-head or road-head, is a General Hospital with 200 beds and full equipment. It is movable but not mobile, and used as a holding hospital. From here casualties are put into ships, air ambulances or hospital trains and sent back to the base.

As Lieut.-General Hood pointed out there are at the Base, in addition to Base hospitals, convalescent depots, where the men are enabled stage by stage to recover by way of games and entertainment.

What happens if the advanced Surgical Centre or Field Dressing Station is overrun? The answer is that every effort must be made to ensure adequate means of attention for the wounded until the enemy can take over. Roughly speaking, one officer and five other ranks are reckoned as the number required to look after 100 men. But, naturally, everything depends on the circumstances. So far in this war there has been no occupational illness equivalent to trench fever, except, possibly, for epidemic jaundice and desert sores. There has been, of course, a great deal of physical exhaustion, when men who have had no sleep for a week at a time, and have been subjected to heavy bombing, shelling and fighting, are in no state to continue the battle. This exhaustion is nothing like as acute as flying stress, which may take months to cure, but it needs definite treatment of a simple type. Usually, 48 hours' rest will do the trick.

The Army no longer recognises shell-shock as such. There are anxiety-neurosis cases, of course; but what used to be called shell-shock is now labelled as "N.Y.D.N." These initials stand for "Not yet diagnosed nervous." Which brings one to the other main development of the R.A.M.C. since the last war. This is the official recognition of psychiatry, together with the employment of hundreds of psychiatrists (known as "trick cyclists" to other ranks), in various duties. There is even a Directorate of Army Psychiatry, but this is a misnomer. It is not psychiatry (which really means a knowledge of the diseases of the mind), but psychological medicine which the "trick cyclists" are supposed to dispense.

The idea, like others, was borrowed from the German Army, but somewhat, I fancy, under a misapprehension. It was thought that the German Army was using psychiatrists in order to grade different types of men for different types of jobs for which they would be most suitable in the forces. Actually, the German Army psychiatrists were merely moulding the individual peasant or workman into the character which the Nazi High Command and the regimental officers chiefly required.

In America, of course, psychiatry in the form of industrial psychological medicine has been developed to a considerable degree. And there is no doubt that experienced psychiatrists, who have had ten or fifteen years' experience of this rather tricky subject, are able to grade men at Primary Training Centres and War Selection Boards in a very efficient manner. The difficulty, however, is to find men with sufficient experience to make good psychiatrists and unlikely to be deceived by scrimshankers.

But that is their secondary role. The first is to see that men who are conscripted or are put up for commissions have been properly segregated. Most of the questions and tests are sheer common sense. So are the tasks to which candidates are directed at these War Selection Boards. A routine job is for an aspiring officer to be told to shin up a wall and then climb through a hole near the top. Many of the men, in the excitement of the moment, climb right over the wall instead of doing what they were told—go through the hole. Crossing a stream 20 ft. wide without getting wet is another problem which is set. Some candidates will be intelligent enough as to find a long, heavy stick and do a pole-jump across the water. Occasionally, one will be found to be imaginative enough as to shin up a sapling by the side of the stream and allow his weight to cause the sapling to deposit him on the far side of the water.

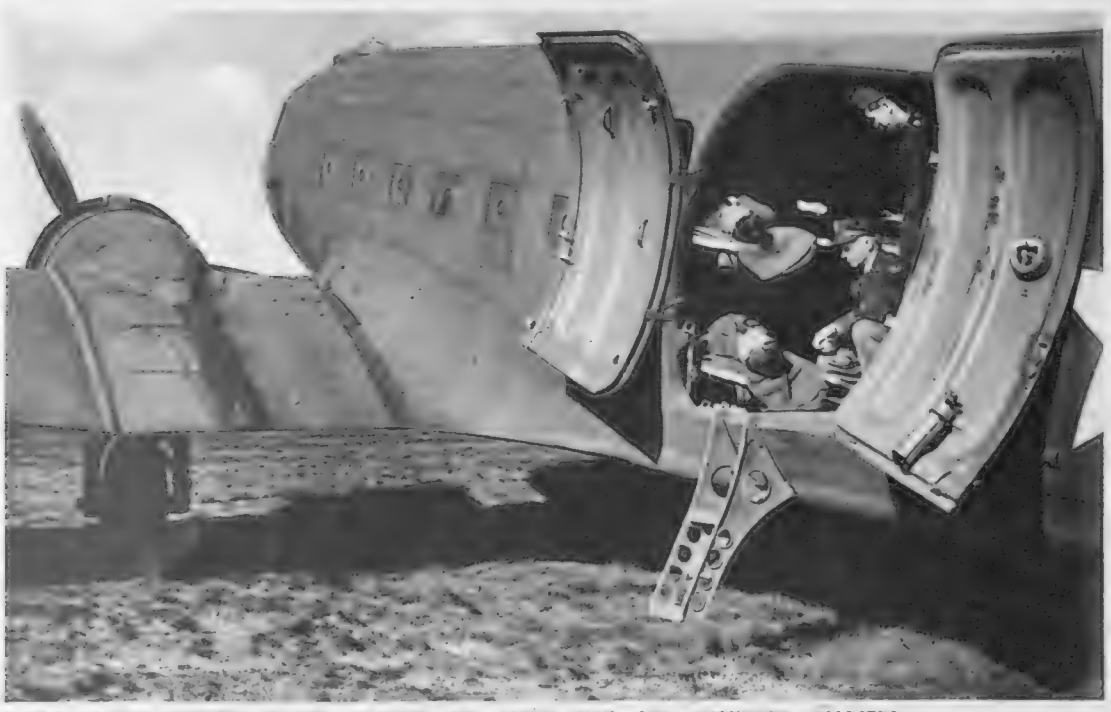
The reactions of the men on these occasions are watched with the greatest care by the psychiatrist, in addition to the other members of the Selection Board, and often the psychiatrist will grade the candidate differently, and correctly, from the other members of the Selection Board. It is particularly noticeable, by the way, that after men have completed a stiff assault course, they will fail to carry out quite simple instructions, such as throwing rings on to pegs in a certain order.

At the Primary Training Centres, as I have briefly recorded in a previous article on the Royal Armoured Corps, psychiatrists study the various conscripts and decide for which branch of the Army they will be most suitable.

To-day there is some dispute among senior officers in the Royal Army Medical Corps about the value of these psychiatrists. Some think that they have been given too much freedom of action in the matter of rejecting conscripted men and/or discharging them after a brief time in the Army. There are several doubtless apocryphal stories about psychiatrists. There is the story of the man who was determined to get out of the Army and trained a pet duck to follow him wherever he went. He was always breaking ranks, and finally received his discharge. Another man was always breaking ranks whenever he saw a piece of paper. Having picked it up, he would scan it rapidly, and throw it away, muttering: "That's not the one." Despite the drill sergeant and everyone else, he continued in his erratic behaviour until one day he was finally given his discharge. On this occasion he was given the document to sign, and, having taken a quick look at it, said: "Ah, that is the one."

It is a fact that throughout the early blitz in Malta there were only 43 recorded cases of neurosis among the troops. There are two sound reasons for this. The first was that the troops realised that even if they had a genuine breakdown they would still be unable to get back to England, because there was no transport. The second was that there was no psychiatrist in the whole of the island.

Speaking generally, there is a continuous shortage of officers in the R.A.M.C., more so than in the last war. For one thing, fewer Irishmen, who used to form such a high percentage of the R.A.M.C. in the last war, seem to come over to us. In addition to this, the growth of the civilian social services, the demand for doctors in the great cities to look after potential victims of bombing from the air, and the growth of the Royal Air Force, which is at least four times as great as it was in the last war, all mean that fewer doctors are available for the Army than at the same period in the last war. In spite of this, it is safe to say that the Germans envy our Blood Transfusion organisation in particular, and our Army Medical Services in general. Considering what a reputation for medicine Germany has had for the last seventy years, this must be a matter of satisfaction for everyone who is in the Army.



A U.S. CARGO-CARRYING PLANE ADAPTED TO CARRY SICK AND WOUNDED SOLDIERS. A demonstration has just been held by the American Army in England to show the adaptability of the Douglas D.C.3, which has been fitted up with removable racks. This big machine can thus carry cargo to the scene of operations, and then return as an ambulance carrying sick and wounded. This picture shows a doctor in attendance on his "patients" just before the aircraft takes off for its home base

AT A PRIMARY TRAINING CENTRE: A recruit undergoing a private interview with a Personnel Selection Officer, as a result of which recommendations as to the soldier's Army career will be made

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this publication should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export

TWO U-BOATS SUNK by a Fighting French CORVETTE

PICTURE TAKEN FROM THE CORVETTE "ACONIT": Preceding the latter through the ice-floes are the Fighting French corvette "Renoncule" and the British corvette "Narcissus." They also took part in the action with the "Aconit"

SURVIVORS FROM A BRITISH SHIP approach the "Aconit" in their raft to be picked up by the French corvette during the action

A GUNNER OF THE "ACONIT" at one of the corvette's guns which helped to finish off the two U-boats in the Atlantic

U-BOAT PRISONERS around the depth-charges on the "Aconit's" deck. Twenty of the men from the submarine which sank the "Harvester" were captured

AFTER THE "CEASE FIRE," the "Aconit's" second submarine heels over while the French corvette steams in to ram

The British destroyer H.M.S. *Harvester*, whilst defending an Atlantic convoy in March, located a U-boat at about midnight, attacked with depth-charges, and forced her to the surface. The *Harvester* then rammed the U-boat, which became jammed under the destroyer's stern and remained fast for several minutes before breaking clear. Soon afterwards the Free French corvette *Aconit* sighted this U-boat on the surface, engaged her with gunfire and shaped course to ram. The corvette struck U-441 amidships and she sank immediately. Survivors were picked up and made prisoners of war. Although H.M.S. *Harvester* had been damaged aft and was able to proceed only at very slow speed, Commander Tait instructed the *Aconit*, who was then standing by the *Harvester*, to return to the convoy, which was still in danger of attack. Later, *Harvester* was forced to stop, and it was while lying stopped that she was torpedoed and sank. While picking up survivors from the destroyer, the *Aconit* sighted another U-boat on the surface. The U-boat dived and the *Aconit* attacked with depth-charges. U-432 was forced to the surface, attacked with gunfire and disabled. Finally, the *Aconit* rammed and sank the enemy. Survivors from H.M.S. *Harvester*, who were waiting to be picked up, saw this second U-boat attacked and sunk

AWAY FROM THESE WARS . . . .

Memories and Thoughts of the Years Between

—A Fortnightly Causerie By J.G.

A DOZEN Lines for Immortality.—You have heard of Jenkins and the war waged over his ear? Jenkins was no great shakes in his humble calling and he was pulled into immortality by his ear. There have been in history a few such cases of chance kicking an obscure individual into the immortal limelight of history—Jenkins and Don Pacifico, Felton, the crazy assassin, Guy Fawkes, and so forth. But the page of history does not contain the names of Andrew Yarranton, who made South Wales and the tinplate industry, or Reynolds, who paved the way for railways. The fact is, our broad definition of "history" reveals a good deal of muddled thinking. We are apt to regard history as the story of achievement and advance. It is just as much a chronicle of failure, crime and blunder; and historical characters are as likely to deserve a place in the *Newgate Calendar* as in the book of *Worthies*. In short, to be an historical character is no proof of merit. But the history of literature is a much more selective and exacting record. It trawls with a big-meshed net. The small fry escape it and only the big fish stay in the net—except, of course, temporarily. There are always dozens of third-rate writers who get into the net "as best-sellers" for their generation. But their expulsion in time is certain. Posterity has a clear eye for merit.

What is interesting about literary merit in literary history is the high number of men and women who keep their place in that jealously guarded and close corporation by what, at first view, may be called the luck or chance of producing comparatively few lines of prose or poetry that win immortal fame.

But literary history is not like political history, and we are wrong in cataloguing such fortunate immortals as literary Jenkinses. No man can turn out even a dozen lines of felicitous prose or poetry except after a gruelling apprenticeship to his Muse and an infinity of sweat and blood; and almost every writer whose immortality in the history of literature rests to-day on a bare dozen lines earned his place by merit, even though he holds it by the chance accident of only a few lines.

There are no Jenkinses in the history of literature, albeit it is reasonable and natural to consider *quantity* of meritorious output in a final assessment of literary merit—quality first always, but average of quality based on quantity is a useful guide to supreme merit.

Luck or Genius?—The "luck of a dozen lines" comes easier, perhaps, to poets than to prose writers. As a rule, poetry is more economical of words than prose, or, at the least, by its form it must be more economical of ideas, if not of imagery.

It would be an interesting study to make an exhaustive catalogue of writers in the Valhalla of Literature whose place is secure by the luck of turning out a dozen such felicitous lines which hit the nail on the head in every succeeding generation; but it would be a long and difficult task. I can only hint at it, peck at it, pull out a few examples from memory. Take the Browns and the Joneses—I do not mean to imply that because their surnames were commonplace they were not poets, but some of them are remembered only by a few lines—William Browne, of Tavistock, by his epitaph on Lady Pembroke; T. E. Brown by his "lovesome thing, God wot," and William Jones by his "naked, newborn child." There are anonymous, or disputed, authors of a "dozen lines of immortality" ("Sound, sound the clarion" and "The Hebrides," or [back to the very source with] "Sumer is icumen in," and many of our traditional songs of the centuries).

There are those poets who wrote a deal of polished verse and are remembered to-day for a single ear (of golden grain):

Clough for his "Say not the struggle," Cory for his "Heraclitus," Roden Noel for his "The Old."

Binyon, lately dead, who wrote much good poetry, will live chiefly on his "For the Fallen," and live for ever upon it.

Julian Grenfell, untimely dead, is immortal on his "dozen lines," and those, it may be, were all he would have contributed. I am not qualified to guess, but I doubt whether those years between wars would have inspired him to poetry, though certainly to leadership of a more active and practical kind.

Fitzgerald and Gray were bigger fish, but who would search anywhere for their laurels but in the stanzas of "Omar" and the "Elegy"—neither of them making up more than two or three pages of print? But the critical are aware that, to produce those single gems in their settings, scores of pearls were extracted and rejected, though great artists would have been proud to use them.

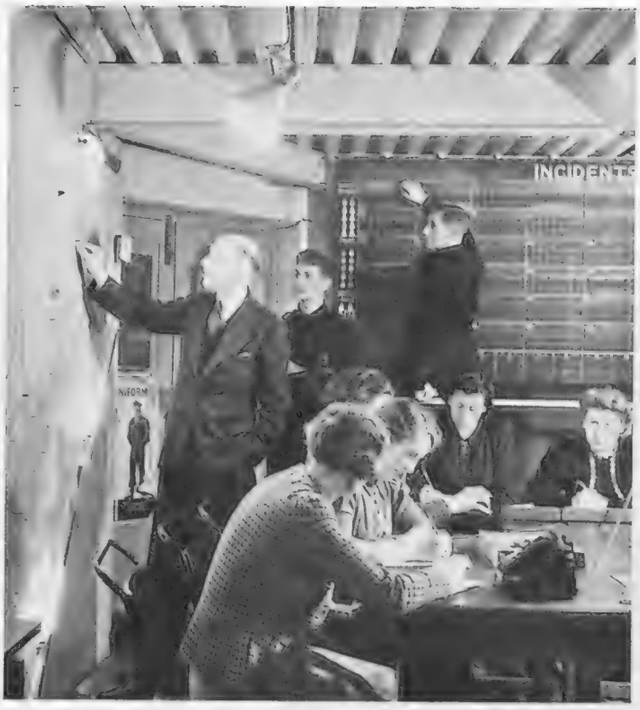
That every man born of woman has potentially a Jenkins's ear by which to be tweaked into literary immortality is a theory I totally reject. There is no single line of perfect poetry or prose, no expression of a single thought destined to appeal as a treasure to all time, that can be forced out without infinite pains in apprenticeship.

Sua Si Bona Norint."—But for those who *have been at pains*, who have graduated, who have sat and satisfied the examiners and reached a normal stage of technical efficiency, I would not deny the possibility of this freakish chance of "dozen-line immortality."

They say that every man has in him the resources for at least one book, and no doubt he has—of a sort. He will never write one which posterity (the only cool critic) will look at twice unless he has been long apprenticed to the hardest master of the arts. But I would not go so far as to deny that an honest apprentice might any day produce those dozen lines (the heart and essence of his life's experience, however humble, however commonplace) which will by what men call chance (and the gods have another name for) hit the bull of Immortality's target and stick there. I am an oldish man now, and I have long ceased to flirt with Euterpe, but I never abandon hope and never cease to regard human life as a romantic, if usually tragic, adventure.

Felicity of inspiration, the rare double-event of mining and coining a truth or a thought which will ring true on the counters of all generations of men, and not alone on its contemporary counter, may still be mine. But the satisfaction of knowing that I had rung the bell and brought it off, the glory and the triumph, those prizes would not of necessity accompany the rare prize of achievement. All the winners in the dozen-line stakes are not equally lucky. Binyon lived to know. I doubt if Clough did.

There is reason to believe that even among the immortal gods of literature (the winners in the *ten-thousand-line* immortality stakes), there were those who died in total ignorance of their achievements. Shakespeare, for example. And that is all the more surprising. There may be an element of luck in "dozen-line immortality." There can be not a scintilla in thousand-line immortality.



"GHOST TOWN ON SEA": in other words, Eastbourne! Business is, however, brisk in at least one building, the Civil Defence Report and Control Centre. Here Mr. R. S. Crichton, A.R.P. Officer, and his staff check and plot raid incidents. Do you remember Eastbourne before the war? Do you remember the regimental bands that used to play in the new bandstand and the remarkable flower display along the sidewalks of the promenade? In those days Eastbourne was a town of holiday gaiety, and it was Eastbourne's job and pleasure to see that you were entertained. The Eastbourne of to-day is different. The majority of the hotels have perforce closed their doors. Wire is planted in the flower-beds. The Sussex cricketers are now fighting grimmer battles. Many of the inhabitants who remain, in a brave effort to keep going, now find themselves struggling against intolerable financial burdens. In addition to this there is the tip-and-run raider. South-eastern coast towns have been bombed intermittently and constantly, and on many occasions these sneak German raiders have dropped their bombs and machine-gunned civilians in the streets without any warning

LIVERPOOL'S ANGLICAN CATHEDRAL: A view showing the large East Window, the Lady Chapel, and the Tower with its "corona" in the centre. Liverpool has the distinction of having one of the two post-Reformation Cathedrals in this country: the other is that of Truro. All other Anglican cathedrals were originally Catholic, but confiscated at the Reformation. The architect of Liverpool's Anglican cathedral, Sir Giles Scott, is a Roman Catholic, while the architect of the Catholic cathedral under construction in Liverpool, Sir Edward Lutyens, is a Protestant. For many years this Protestant cathedral was a familiar landmark as a rather large, solid, lengthy structure; some years ago it began to gain height, as the tower was being constructed. This is now nearly completed, terminating in what the architect calls a "corona" at the summit of the tower

KEYS INTO BOMBS after collection by the Gas Light and Coke Company. Over two tons of keys have been collected by the Gas Light and Coke Company in a lightning salvage drive. Melted down, the keys will provide enough iron to make 215 Bren guns or 20 500-lb. bombs, and enough brass for 45 tank telescopes, as well as 100 infantry compasses and 320 25-pounder shell-fuses. The Company is selling the keys as salvage and the proceeds will go to the Red Cross and St. John Prisoners-of-War Department. The number of keys collected amounts to well over 150,000

PICTURES from the HOME FRONT

A HOME LOUNGE AS A WAR WORKSHOP : Two tables at which a number of women war-workers are finishing off aircraft components for a Middlesex factory : Mrs. Sydney Gampell is a housewife living at Surbiton who has made a valuable addition to war production. She has turned the lounge of her home into a workshop where forty women neighbours are working part time in hand-finishing components for a factory in Middlesex which was hard-pressed, and to which she was introduced by the Regional Board of the Ministry of Production. The workers are of all classes, and their ages range from nineteen to sixty-five

ARCHBISHOP SPELLMAN, Roman Catholic Archbishop of New York and Military Vicar of the U.S. Armed Forces, talking to the crew of the Flying Fortress "Invasion II" before they took off to bomb Antwerp by daylight. He gave a papal blessing to the combat crews, and then shook hands with the airmen and spoke briefly with them

THE YOUNG PITBOYS OF THE RHONDDA who are learning to be miners : With lamps instead of exercise books, and the mine for a classroom, these lads have begun a fortnight's course which will teach them safety in the pit and something about the future work. They have come from all parts of the Rhondda Valley to attend this, one of the first of a number of Pit Schools, opened at Ton Pentre, Glamorgan. Their teachers are ex-miners, who conduct classes of practical mining as well as the history of the South Wales minefield. The schools, which are to be opened in all areas, are part of a scheme to encourage boys to go into the mines

CHURCH BUILDERS IN BATTLEDRESS. Lunch-time amid the ruins of an old church : Laying aside their arms for a while, Canadian soldiers billeted in a Home County village are now building a church to replace that which was destroyed by the Germans in the April 1941 blitz. They are under the supervision of their padre, who has already designed and built a number of churches "out West"

WOMEN OFFICERS OF THE NATIONAL FIRE SERVICE undergo a "Fitness Training Course" : This is a scene at the first, and only, course of its kind in the N.F.S., at a Training School near Brighton. After three weeks the students will go back to their stations and they will then be in a position to instruct other women in their units in similar exercises

SCHOOLBOY ENGINEERS : Evacuated from Strood and Rochester and now in camp at Hartfield, these boys get all their own fuel from the Ashdown Forest. They have also developed some useful hobbies in their spare time, such as bridge-building and boot repairing

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

A MIXTURE OF FACT AND FICTION

Philip Guedalla's Story of Two French Defeatists; Sanitational Searchings; A Documented History of Convoys; A New Novel by Lady Cynthia Asquith; Frederick Niven's 18th-Century Tapestry; A Simple, yet Ingenious, Thriller

MR. PHILIP GUEDALLA, in his foreword to THE TWO MARSHALS (Hodder and Stoughton. 10s. 6d.), writes: "This book is more than the story of two French soldiers, although that story is worth telling by reason of the strange inversion of their two careers. For one of them surrendered Metz in 1870 and was sentenced to death, while the other surrendered France in 1940 and was sentenced to become its ruler. The first Marshal was made a scapegoat by his defeated country; and when the second Marshal came to power, the scapegoat was France."

The first of the two Marshals was Achille Bazaine, whose extraordinary story, which spanned the years from Napoleon's retreat from Moscow to 1888, included the Mexican campaign and the disastrous Franco-Prussian War. At the time of Bazaine's death young Pétain was thirty-four, so that between them the lives of these two Frenchmen take in the whole epoch "from the height of the First Empire to the depth of Vichy."

The author explains that his research work on both figures has been limited and difficult, and adds that the literature stimulated by the Vichy Government on the subject of Pétain inevitably errs on the appreciative side!

THE ARMY'S LAST REMAINING REMOUNT DEPOT, where girls prepare the horses for service. Breaking a horse in to harness is a difficult and sometimes dangerous business. The particular stage shown in this picture is called "lungeing." Now that Mars has changed himself into a mechanical robot and battles are fought by Lancers and Hussars from the interior of tanks, we are apt to forget that the horse still plays his part—and an important part too—in modern warfare. Indeed, hundreds of ponies and horses are still required by the Army. At its last remaining Remount Depot "somewhere in the Shires" the work of breaking-in and training is going on all the time. But now it is not bow-legged, wiry cavalrymen who handle the horses. Instead, a team of sixty-five girls—volunteers from all walks of life—handle the remounts. And theirs is a very valuable contribution to the war effort, for they have all been instrumental in releasing soldiers for other duties. Incidentally, these girls occupy civilian status, provide their own clothes and are granted one week's leave a year on full pay. As there is no accommodation for them at the depot, the girls live out and report daily, wet or fine, for duty

His final word of optimism is worth noting. Mr. Guedalla writes: "A number of small points relating to both Marshals, which could easily have been cleared up by a short trip across the Channel, still remain obscure. But any minor errors into which I may have been led by a temporary inability to make it will, I hope, be corrected at an early date."

In the summer of 1815, Mr. Creevey asked the Duke of Wellington whether he was counting on any deserters from the French Army. "Not upon a man," said the Duke, "from the Colonel to the private in a regiment—both inclusive. We may pick up a Marshal or two; but not worth a damn."

Before any description of Mr. Reginald Reynolds's book, CLEANLINESS AND GODLINESS (George Allen and Unwin. 12s. 6d.), it would be as well to quote Mr. John Cowper Powys's appreciation of it, written in the form of an answer to the question, "Why is this book such a good book?" "Because its style is straightforward, honest, dignified, free from all obscure antics and all scurvy tricks of psychic gymnastics, and because it is in the best tradition of that most rare and precious of all mortal qualities—the quality for which, let us hope, the influence of this Island will be known in the Reconstruction of the World—namely, humane and indulgent humour."

Mr. Reynolds's book purports to be a discussion of the problems of sanitation, and also to raise fresh problems for posterity, which problems are discussed in all their implications. Mr. Reynolds's approach to his subject is that of a scholar, an observer and a wit.

I regret that it is impossible to quote from this book, since out of context the phrases would lose so much of their meaning and pungency. Nor can I say that this is a work to be recommended to readers of every creed and class. On the contrary, it should, like strong medicine, be taken with discretion, though, unlike strong medicine, it should be relished and enjoyed.

Mr. Owen Rutter has written in RED ENSIGN (Robert Hale. 12s. 6d.) an admirably documented history of convoys. The convoy system was first introduced to England in the reign of Edward III, when it was known as "wafter," from the Dutch or Low German "*wachten*," which means "to guard."

At that time conditions for mariners were excessively hard—a fact which the writer illustrates with a number of instances. Starting from this period, he traces the changes in the laws which governed them up to the present day.

Napoleon knew something of convoys, and so did the East India Company, but it was in the First World War that reintroduction of the convoy system proved its value once and for all. At that time Sir John Jellicoe wrote: "It is interesting to note the number of persons who claim to have been the first to urge the Admiralty to adopt convoys as a method of protecting merchant ships against submarine attack."

The truth, as Mr. Rutter sees it, is that no one person was entirely responsible for the change of policy, although the ultimate decision rested upon Duff and Jellicoe.

The convoy system in action in this war has been described in detail before, but Mr. Rutter has many new details and a stirring account of the Channel convoys which came to be known as the "Churchill Armada."

He has captured much of the spirit and tang of the seagoing men, and there is a true Navy ring about this dialogue, overheard at night on an escort vessel. "Did you see anything then?" suddenly demands the captain of the starboard look-out. "A flashing light, Sir—one of the buoys, I expect." "Don't expect," says the captain crisply. "Report what you see and as soon as you see it. I'll do the expecting."

Three generations of beautiful women and their plain and practical friend are the subjects of Lady Cynthia Asquith's new novel.

The beauties, daughter, mother and grandmother, live in a manless Eden, with no husbands or sons to complicate their existence or to frown on the ramifications of their recurrent love-affairs.

Once past the gates of Glade Hall, there appears to be an eagerly receptive male world waiting for the two younger of the Glade women, and it is to their loyal spinster friend, rather clumsily nicknamed "Available," that they turn with all their problems, from dropped stitches to broken hearts, that they inevitably amass.

The author's chief premise in ONE SPARKLING WAVE (Michael Joseph. 8s. 6d.) seems to be that it is a sad, but acceptable, fact that competent spinster ladies should practise first aid on the mangled affairs of their more fortunate women acquaintances. Another conclusion which the reader is at liberty to draw is that people of "Available's" type live vicariously by their own choice. Realising their position of second-best, of stop-gap and of eleventh-hour friend, they still cling to their conception of themselves as indispensable rather than available.

The three demanding beauties are irritating, but if it were not for their friend's ready and constant co-operation they would, so to speak, be irritating in a vacuum. "Available" releases them, and in the methods of that release is the plot of this novel.

Lady Cynthia writes with too much wit and perception for her subject, and the reader may feel that she has deliberately chosen a light subject which sometimes slips from the airy into the trivial.

Mr. Frederick Niven has chosen the Jacobite Rising of 1745 as the period for his story of Scottish families. Like many families at this time, the Barrs and the Garnocks had divided loyalties, and in the Garnock family one brother joined Prince Charlie, while the other offered to fight for the Hanoverians. Further complications from their both being in love with the same girl confuse them to an even greater degree, and in the end the Jacobite brother sailed for Canada and left his name in the province of Ontario.

UNDER WHICH KING (Collins. 7s. 6d.) is written with Mr. Niven's usual and poetic sense of history, and gives a masterly picture of life in a Lowland household.

In spite of its background of wars and feuds, it is a quiet book, remote from violence, which seems to have the same relation to the story as a tapestried scene of action would have to a quiet room.

This week's thriller—and nowadays each week seems to have its own thriller—is an excellent piece of work by Mr. Raymond Postgate. SOMEBODY AT THE DOOR (Michael Joseph. 8s. 6d.) has the now familiar device of having a strictly limited number of suspects—in this case the occupants of a railway carriage—and of following them into their separate lives. What is less familiar is a neat little technical trick by which each character's dossier is headed by a seating plan of the carriage, with a rather forbidding black hand pointing to the suspect in question.

Mr. Postgate is both ingenious and lucid—two qualities that are all too seldom linked in detective fiction. There is no overworking of the probabilities, none of that slightly dishonest "clues for clues' sake" with which thriller writers are apt to burden one, and there is a perfectly logical solution. One might almost add, in estate agents' parlance, that the solution is eminently desirable.

AN 1810 SPINNING-WHEEL, WITH 1943 METHODS AND IDEAS: Combed, spun and knitted in poodle wool, Miss Leueen MacGrath displays a finished jumper—and the poodles which supplied the wool. The well-known singer and actress, whose charm has been portrayed in singing duets in Tauber's musical operas, has contrived to make good use of the little time she now has. At the moment she is playing a leading part in that substantial success *Flare Path*, which keeps her pretty busy. Miss Leueen MacGrath is the possessor of a French poodle, owner of a coat of wool that is the admiration and envy of members of the fair sex. She has thought of an idea both useful and a means of giving comfort to evacuee children. It was helped by a friend of hers who owned an ancient, but still adaptable, spinning-wheel. As the plan materialised and the poodle was brought into the scheme, it seemed to enter with gusto into the spirit of it. The dog's mother, not to be outdone, immediately volunteered to help the good cause. So the work started, and it was not long before a goodly display of wool combed from the two dogs was spun, suitable for making kiddies' comforts

SAVE ALL YOUR WASTE PAPER FOR SALVAGE

The Shaftesbury Homes and "Arethusa" Training Ship

On Good Friday this Society attains its one-hundredth birthday, for it was on St. George's Day, 1843, the good work started in a hayloft over a cowshed. Little children still know the word "need" in these enlightened days. Please send a Centenary gift to 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

Since the Battle of the Nile

Schweppes have been making Table Waters of supreme quality.

Fate brings war again to Egypt and we are all called upon to spare no personal sacrifice that this and other vital issues be brought to a speedy and successful conclusion. Schweppes give their famous name and, until after the war, the perfection of their Table Waters must remain but a sparkling memory May the time soon come when we may refresh our memories . . .

By Appointment

Schweppes

Table Waters

"Wagon's here, chaps!"

THE arrival of a Church Army Mobile Canteen (affectionately known to our men as "the wagon") provides a very welcome respite from routine. In the heat of the desert or the bleakness of a lonely northern outpost these Canteens bring a touch of companionship—and the ever-welcome cup of tea. Such things mean much to the men.

THESE CANTEENS must be maintained. We owe it to those who are serving. A Mobile Canteen costs £3 per week to run. Will you provide something towards this upkeep?

Please send a gift to—

The Rev. H. H. Treacher,
General Secretary and Head

THE CHURCH ARMY

Headquarters
55 BRYANSTON ST., LONDON, W.1
(Registered under War Charities Act, 1940)

PIQUE
for a
Spring
Shirt

Featuring the new open neck-line, this is a delightful crisp blouse for Spring, in white pique.

Size 36, 38 & 40 **31/5**
(4 coupons).

Debenham & Freebody
WIGMORE STREET, LONDON, W.1
LANGHAM 4444
(Debenham's Ltd.)

Valstar
"777"
Raincoat

SUPERLATIVE QUALITY AND DESIGN

IN NORMAL TIMES THE BEST SHOPS HAVE THE **VALSTAR "777"** RAINCOAT — SUPPLIES NOW, HOWEVER, ARE STRICTLY LIMITED.

J. MANDLEBERG & Co. LTD
VALSTAR WORKS
SALFORD 6 · Lancs

Sparklets
(Regd. Trade Mark)

ALL available supplies are being distributed as evenly as possible throughout the country. Vital National needs have first call on production facilities, so, for the present, "Go easy with the soda."

P.S. Please make use of our Renovation and Repair Service and be as helpful as you can by returning empty Sparklets Bulbs to your supplier—Allowance: "C" size 4d. dozen; "B" size 2d. dozen.

SPARKLETS LTD. (Dept. S.), LONDON, N.18.

Supreme as ever
—worth waiting for

The valuable vitamins and perfect flavour are always preserved in Batchelor's Fruits and Vegetables, whether canned in peace-time or war-time.

Whenever you choose Batchelor's Fruits and Vegetables, points or no points, you are assured of a wholesome, vital addition to your meal. They save fuel, too.

Batchelor's products are scarce to-day, but one day they will return, supreme as ever, to reward your patience.

Batchelor's Baked Beans in Tomato Sauce are delightful.

Batchelor's
CANNED ENGLISH
FRUITS & VEGETABLES

The Government asks YOU to grow more food

Great Scotch!

OLD ANGUS

A NOBLE SCOTCH — GENTLE AS A LAMB

Chosen for years by Connoisseurs

OA 32A

Posted Abroad?

CHOOSE 'CLYDELLA' SERVICE SHIRTS

Going somewhere where kit replacements may be out of the question? The officer who chooses 'CLYDELLA' Service Shirts needn't worry. These shirts will wear and wash and keep their smartness on parade throughout the toughest campaign. In Navy, Army and Air Force regulation styles and colours from 15/11, collars extra. 'Clydella' Service ties 2/8. These goods can only be supplied to Members of H.M. Services.

WILLIAM HOLLINS & CO. LTD. DAY & NIGHT WEAR VIYELLA HOUSE NOTTINGHAM REGISTERED TRADE MARK

"Clydella" SERVICE SHIRTS

C.16

"builders of fine boats"

Ranalah YACHT YARD Limited WOOTTON CREEK ISLE OF WIGHT

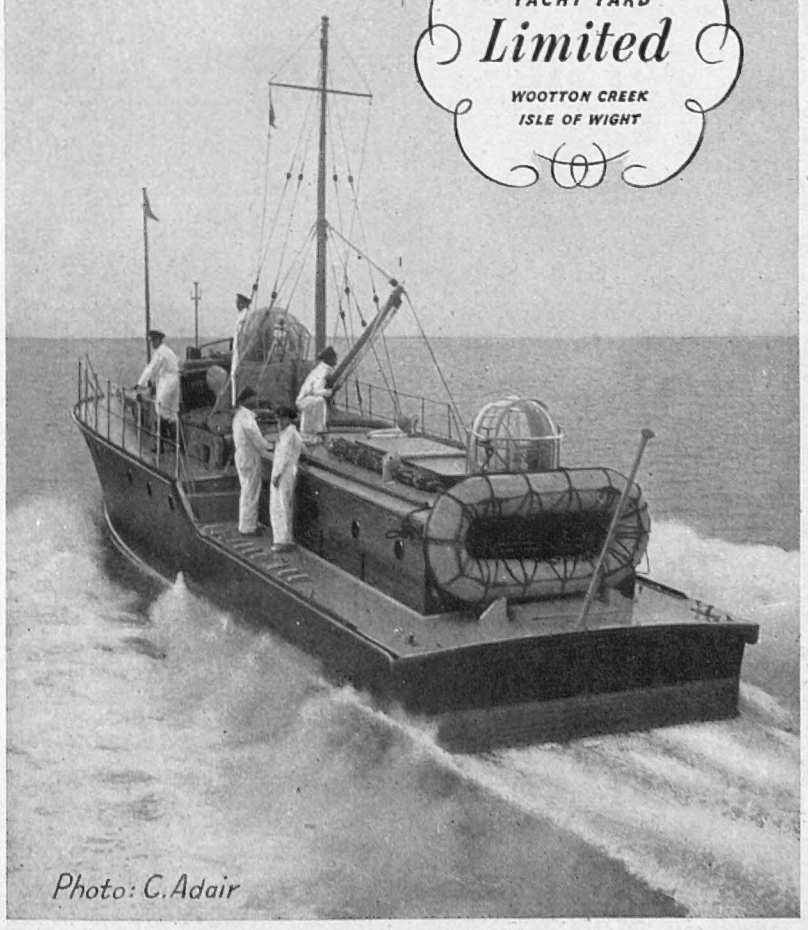
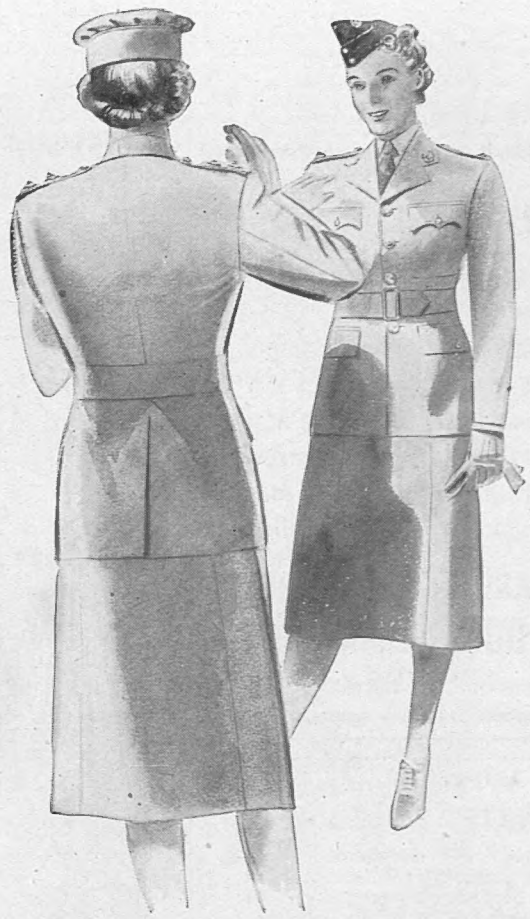


Photo: C. Adair

I walked out with the outfit complete



A.T.S. Jacket and Skirt . . . £11.5.0

Greatcoat . . . £10.13.3

Shirt and 2 Collars . . . 14.6

Cap and Badge . . . £1.8.3

Stockings . . . 3.9

Tie . . . 3.6

Shoes . . . £2.0.6

Gloves . . . 6.5

Sam Browne Belt . . . £1.8.6

AUSTIN REED

OF REGENT STREET AND PRINCIPAL CITIES

Telephone : Regent 6789

FOR SALE

Articles of enduring charm and of priceless value processed from relics of the

HOUSES of PARLIAMENT

and sold for the benefit of the

RED CROSS & ST. JOHN FUND

—owners of the material.

The material is offered subject to remaining unsold. There are many designs to choose from — all by eminent artists.

For home or garden at moderate prices.

Certificate of Authenticity signed by Sir Vincent Baddeley, K.C.B. on behalf Red Cross, given with every piece.

Write for designs list. Enclose 2½d. stamp.

LONDON STONECRAFT, Ltd., Dorset Road, London. N.15

Design for Living

A stay at the Branksome Tower Hotel will solve wartime living problems. Food, service, comfort and relaxations are all of a high standard. Golf and tennis; magnificent views; mild climate. First-class cellar.

BRANKSOME TOWER HOTEL BOURNEMOUTH

Telephone: Bournemouth 4000

Why we need LEGACIES & BEQUESTS

The need of ex-Servicemen of All Wars, including the disabled and their dependants, and the care of those left behind by the men who fall in action are an ever-present and recurring charge on the Legion. Every year since the inception of the Fund the expenditure has *increased*, and it is vitally necessary that the Fund should be strengthened and fortified against any possible diminution of income in the future by means of Legacies and Bequests.

EARL HAIG'S
BRITISH LEGION
APPEAL FUND

Full particulars and Forms of Bequest can be obtained from the Organising Secretary,
Capt. W. G. WILLCOX, M.B.E.,
CARDIGAN HOUSE, RICHMOND, SURREY
Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940

KERFOOT

KERFOOTS MEDICATED PASTILLES

embodying the manufacturing experience of eighty years

•

MENTHOL & EUCALYPTUS
CATARRH · ANTISEPTIC THROAT
GLYCERINE OF THYMOL

•

Thomas Kerfoot & Co. Ltd.
Vale of Bardsley, Lancashire P1

IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

ADVICE BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to him c/o The Editor, THE SPHERE, Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.

BOURNE HALL HOTEL, BOURNEMOUTH

Offers shops, scenery and plenty of sunshine. Provides admirable quarters in a central position. Bridge, Billiards, Warmth and plenty of breathing-space. Resident Directors: Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Bray. From 4½ gns.

THE NORFOLK HOTEL
BOURNEMOUTH

Traditional superiority. Combines all the factors that one expects to find in a first-class hotel. Restaurant, grill room, men's bar, Richmonde Lounge—the social rendezvous of Bournemouth—with The Norfolk Hotel Broadcasting Orchestra. Apartments each with P.O. telephone and most with private bathroom. Tel. 7272 every room. *Resident Directors:* Mr. and Mrs. F. J. McInnes

CREST HOTEL, CROWBOROUGH.
SUSSEX

Interprets the dictionary definition of the word comfort: "To cheer, revive, ease, quiet enjoyment, freedom from annoyance, a subject of satisfaction."

THE RED HOUSE
LEATHERHEAD

Always very popular amongst Business and Retired people because of its accessibility to Town and its comfort. Vacant rooms are few and far between, but they are worth waiting for. Tel.: 2271.

MOOR HALL HOTEL, NINFIELD, Sussex

Here, 250 ft. up, facing due south, you can get a break from war routine. Fresh produce from our own farm and gardens. Fishing and rough shooting. Club licence. Trains met Crowhurst, Battle, or Bexhill. From 4 gns. Tel.: Ninfield 330.

WALDRONHYRST, SOUTH CROYDON

A residential hotel which provides safety and satisfaction, within ½-hr. of West End. But "seeing is believing." 'Phone—CROydon 2641, and arrange to view the 40 rooms, the 6 acres, the wealth of garden produce. Terms from 4 gns.

GROVE HALL HOTEL, TWYFORD, Berks.

I particularly recommend this hotel to those who have to journey to London daily. Only three-quarters of an hour from Paddington and two minutes' walk from the station. It's attractively situated in its own park, and every bedroom has its private bathroom. 6 gns. weekly. Tel.: Twyford 106.

HEADLAND HOTEL
TORQUAY

Though often full, it is an hotel to make a note of should you wish to enjoy quiet luxury midst peaceful surroundings. The Management will welcome advance enquiries.

THE SPA HOTEL, ROYAL TUNBRIDGE WELLS

AND HERE IS PEACE . . . An hotel of dignity and charm set in a healthy position 400 feet up, facing the sun and the South. Surrounded by 60 acres of parkland with sporting golf course. London under an hour by train. *Telephone: Tunbridge Wells 1911*

THE OLD HOUSE HOTEL
WINDSOR

There are occasional bedroom vacancies and always a chance of good food and good wine if you will but 'phone beforehand Windsor 1354. Luncheons 5s., Dinners 5s. and 2s. 6d. House charge.

"MY NAME IS JENNIE—
I'M DADDY'S LITTLE PET"

There are thousands of little children who are the sole joy of their parents—surrounded by loving care—their future safeguarded. Last year, however, no less than 103,700 unhappy children came under the protecting wing of the N.S.P.C.C. whose aim is to save these defenceless little ones from neglectful and thoughtless parents.

Children have a right to a decent start in life; we earnestly appeal to you to help us to ensure their future happiness.

Legacies — large or small — as well as donations are urgently needed. Hon. Treas.: Sir Spencer J. Portal, 13 Victory House, Leicester Sq., London, W.C.2

President: H.R.H. Princess Elizabeth

N·S·P·C·C

NATIONAL SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO CHILDREN

PROSECUTES ONLY IF ADVICE FAILS

THE

BURBERRY

THE WORLD'S BEST WEATHERPROOFS

SERVICE KIT—Regular and Auxiliary.

Low charges for best work on Best materials. Agents in all towns.

HAYMARKET, LONDON, S.W.1

"WARDONIA"

SOLD BY NAAFI

FOR BETTER SHAVES

BREAST SUPPORTER

Trade Mark. Regd. Design Patents. Copyright Reserved.

White material, For drooping, heavy figures, **59/6**

Loose Breasts, rom **52/6**

Pink, Silk or Net, Detachable straps.

Very low back model, from **63/-**

Please state Bust and Underbust measurements.

JOUJOU gives UPLIFT and SUPPORT to FIRM or LOOSE BREASTS

INGENIOUS DESIGN for AMPUTATION

WITH & WITHOUT NURSE WITH COMFORT

TO PREVENT BREAST FROM DRAGGING, COLLAR-BONES FROM PROTRUDING, MUST WEAR JOUJOU BREASTS SUPPORTER. IT PREVENTS SORENESS, CHAFE AND STOOPING. GIVES UPLIFT. RELIEVES PAIN, INFLAMMATION, WHICH ARISE FROM NEGLECT. ALSO DESIGNED FOR MATERNITY AND NURSING MOTHERS. PREVENTS MILK CLOTTING. MUST BE WORN DAY AND NIGHT.

Various prices for one's requirements and taste.

FOR AMPUTATION. *Prices on application.*

Joujou Breast Supporter with Pad.

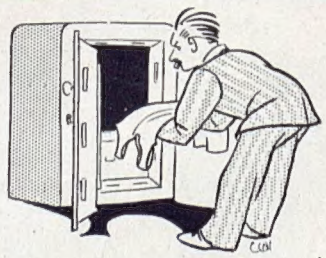
Personal fitting when calling or send your order.

Illustrated circular will be sent on receipt of 3d. Orders guaranteed immediately executed by return post.

Write or 'Phone Welbeck 1249 *17443*

Obtainable only from— Dept. SH.460

"JOUJOU" Co. 32 BAKER STREET, LONDON, W.1



Treat with care for longer wear!

AERTEX

SAUCEPANS MADE SPITFIRES—OLD BOOKS MAKE SHELL CASES. TURN THEM OUT NOW—THE NEED IS URGENT!

WHY shouldn't women have a pocket in its most convenient position? Why shouldn't she carry around a handkerchief, a little spare change, and maybe her cigarettes and lighter without having to resort to the inevitable handbag?

No reason at all since 'Gor-ray' Skirts have featured the ZWOW, a Pocket Placket Fastening which DISPENSES WITH HIP BUTTONS AND OTHER FASTENERS THAT SPOIL THE SYMMETRY OF THE HIP LINE.

A very definite contribution this to a more comfortable way of living for women!

Drapers and Stores everywhere stock 'Gor-ray' Skirts.

All the better for the 'Zwow' Pocket Placket Fastening

Issued by C. STILLITZ, ROYAL LEAMINGTON SPA, WARWICKSHIRE

Scientific

Are you a Soap Connoisseur?

If you are numbered among the fortunate few sensitive to subtle distinctions of quality in everyday things, if to you even a tablet of soap can transform a humdrum routine into one of life's minor pleasures, be of good cheer! You can still get Imperial Leather Toilet Soap to give new depths of meaning even to the shallow luxury of the wartime tub.

Supplies are obviously limited, but if only because Imperial Leather lasts longer and increases the purchasing power of your coupons, you should buy it wherever and whenever you can.

imperial leather

TOILET SOAPS

A Cussons PRODUCT

PRINTED IN ENGLAND by THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH, LTD., Milford Lane, London, W.C.2, and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1. SATURDAY, APRIL 17, 1943. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.